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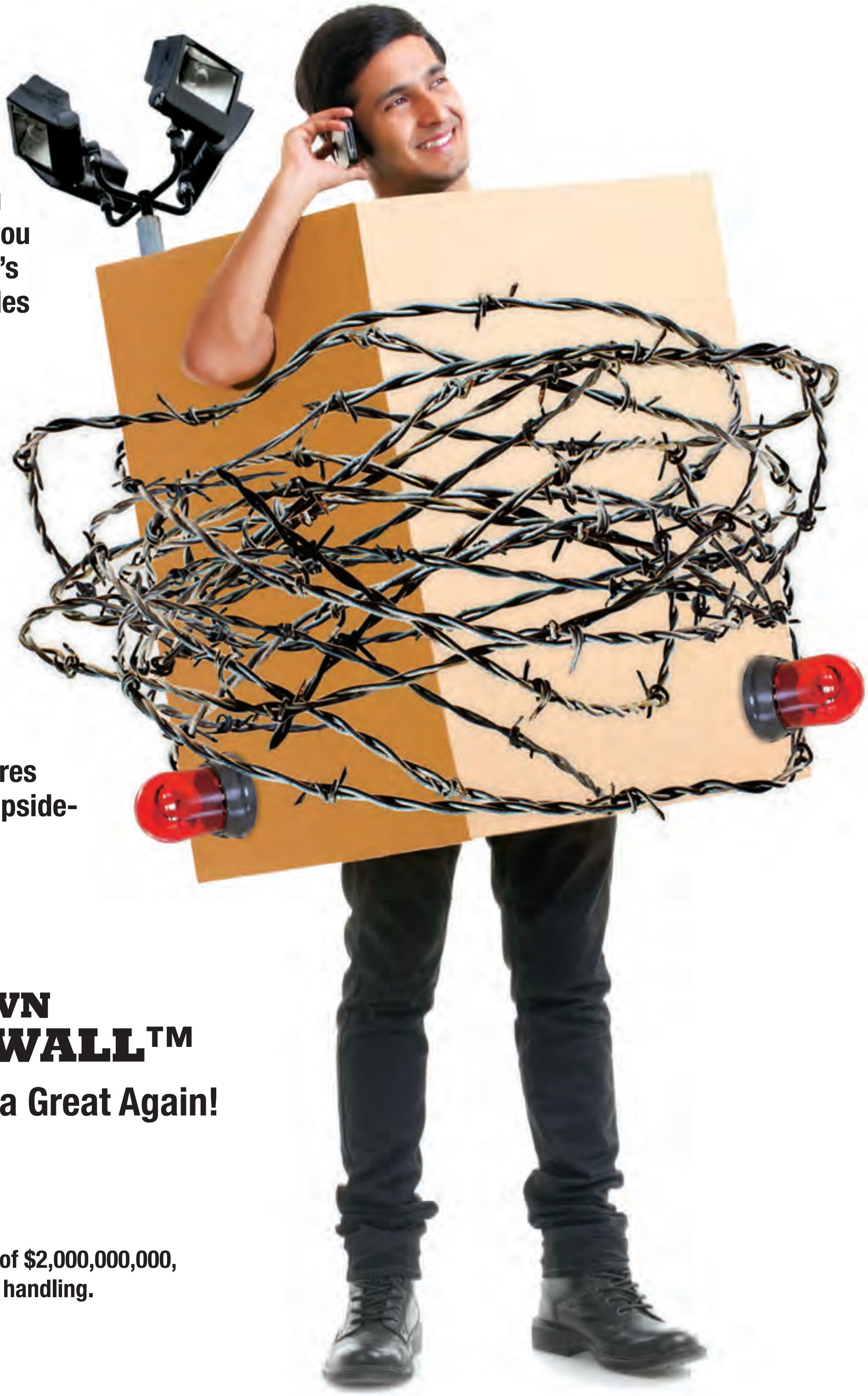

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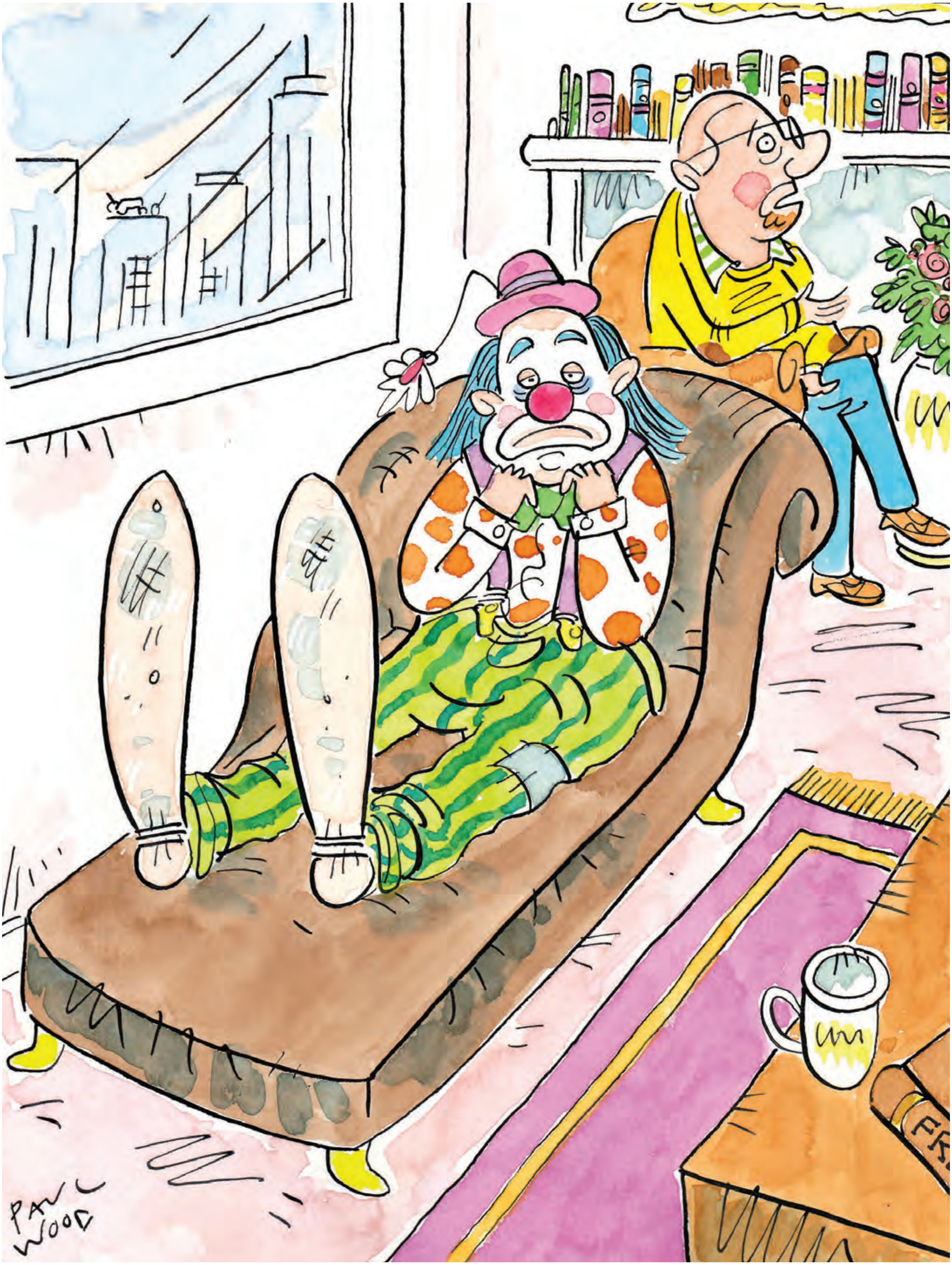
PAUL WOOD
FR

“Of course you’re depressed. Donald Trump has stolen all of your best material.”

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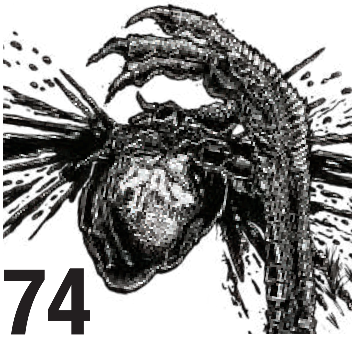

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HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

Larry Flynt

TODAY'S ACTIVISTS ARE TOMORROW'S VOTERS

Students in America keep getting slaughtered, and they've finally had enough, taking to the streets. In March tens of thousands of middle school and high school students nationwide walked out of their classes to protest the stubborn lack of gun reform by their supposedly wiser elders. Then later that same month, in Washington, D.C., and across the world, they took part in the March for Our Lives protest.

The politicians cannot ignore this movement—these are children with no political ax to grind. Too many of them have experienced the carnage firsthand, and they can't be demonized by the right as gun-grabbing ideologues. In a way, they're like the Vietnam veterans against the war—they're survivors, and they have more credibility than the average activist on the street. Already they have forced some legislative changes. In Florida, where the Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School massacre occurred, the governor signed a bill raising the minimum age for buying a firearm to 21 and extending the waiting period to three days.

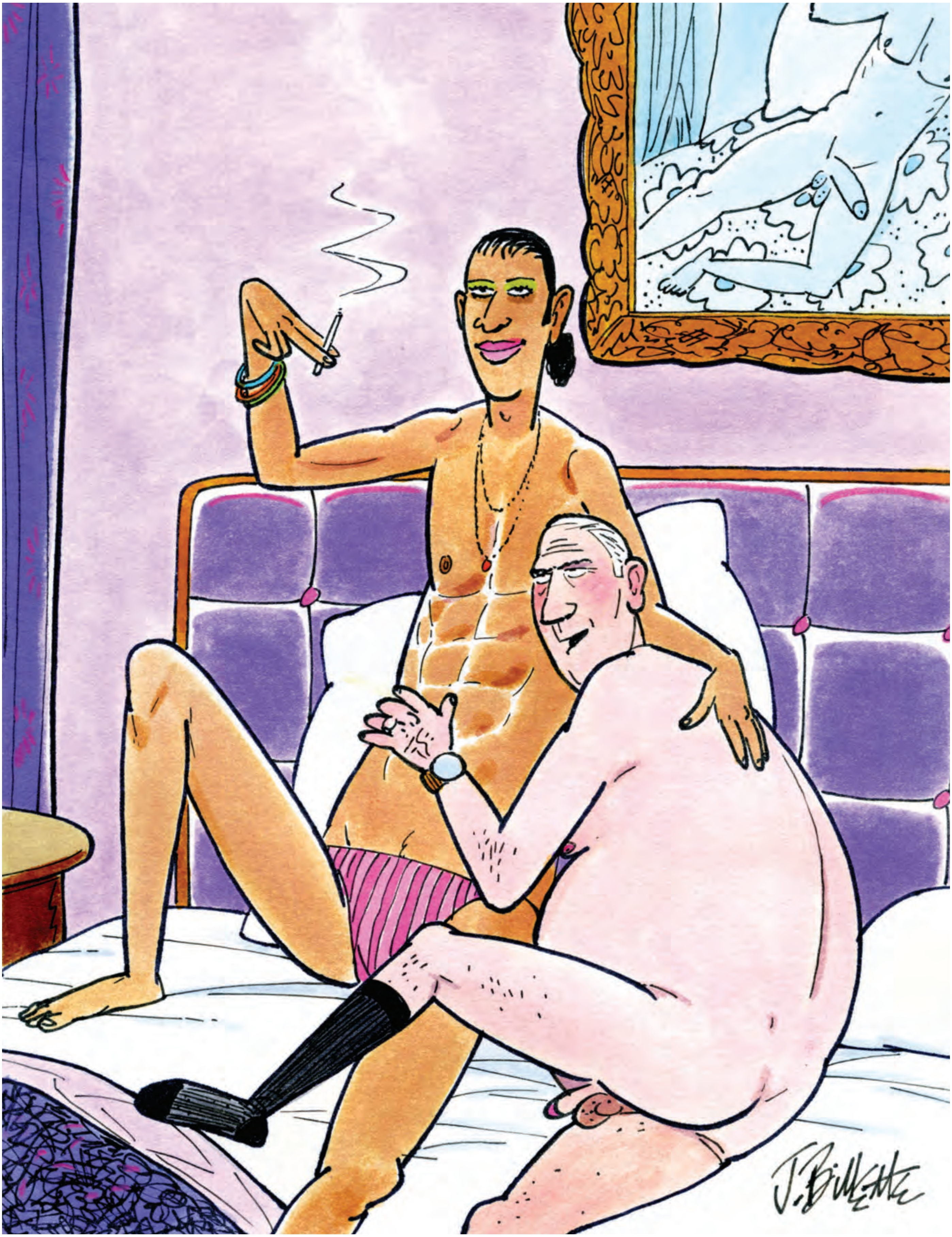
Also in Florida, extreme risk protection orders have been enacted authorizing the disarming of people who have expressed threatening behavior, and at least 31 other states are either considering these bills or have lawmakers who are committed to introducing them. Polls show widespread support for such sensible laws, including for comprehensive background checks (supported by 97% of Republicans) and mandatory waiting periods. But will this be enough to turn the tide against the NRA's stranglehold on state and federal legislators?

In the past politicians could safely ignore the voices of our youth, because so few young people of voting age actually go to the polls. But this is different. They realize their very lives are at stake now, not only from gun violence, but also from climate change, dim job prospects and the massive personal and national debts adults are saddling them with. This generation overwhelmingly favors a progressive agenda, and their hope is our hope.

I suspect that this youth movement is going to be more than another flash in the pan. The gun violence issue has galvanized them, just like the draft galvanized '60s students against the Vietnam War and in support of the civil rights revolution then unfolding. A 16-year-old survivor of the Stoneman Douglas shooting, Rebecca Schneid, sums it up: "We understand that this is a marathon and that we'll be fighting for years. We're just getting started. Now we have to use our rights as voters to make things change."

Keep up that passion, Rebecca. We're all behind you one hundred percent!

Larry Flynt
Publisher



"I have to admit, Carlos—I love the danger and excitement of being a right-wing congressman *and* a fruit!"

REEFER MADNESS?

LEGALIZING POT HAS DRAMATICALLY REDUCED VIOLENT CRIME AND SIGNIFICANTLY INCREASED TAX REVENUE.

Where were you when marijuana became legal in this country? Yeah, man, it happened, and you didn't even notice. But not because you were stoned.

Once the stuff is legal for recreational use—as it is in nine states and the District of Columbia for people over 21 years of age—and okay for medical use in 29 states and D.C., it gets a bit boring. Just like having another Budweiser and expecting a real buzz instead of a snooze. The last time alcohol was exciting was during Prohibition, but since then it's just been a way for dull people to feel smart and unhappy people to drown their sorrows.

Once legal, using marijuana is like cooking with honey, and some folks will really get off on it. Recently I was in Palm Springs, California, where my son took his mother to buy cannabis balm at a legal dispensary. He said it would help with her chronic neck pain. I questioned whether the balm would work as well as Motrin, but agreed it might be more fun.

I suddenly realized that the pot revolution—which I had been eagerly anticipating ever since the reefer madness, anticannabis hysteria of my halcyon youth—had come and gone, and it had been a nonevent. California, where voters in November 2016 approved Proposition 64, was late in joining the states'-rights movement to legalize recreational marijuana.

But this past January the Golden State began licensing local businesses to regulate the sale of pot like it does alcohol and tobacco. And while it is true that Jeff Sessions, the livid reactionary picked by President Trump to head the Justice Department, is threatening to impose retrograde federal drug laws to reverse this progress in the states that have legalized marijuana, it will most likely induce Congress to finally end the federal prohibition.

First of all, the idea of an extreme pleasure pig like Donald Trump regulating personal morality is an obviously ludicrous concept. Before becoming President, he made a fortune off of booze and gambling parlors. But the reality is that the debate over weed, and hopefully over other scapegoated habits of choice, will soon be over.

The legalization of recreational marijuana in Alaska, California, Colorado, Maine, Massachusetts, Nevada, Oregon, Vermont, Washington state and the District of Columbia has thoroughly disproved the criminalization mythology. According to a recent study, pot legalization has dramatically decreased violent crime in the states bordering Mexico, while tax revenues are up significantly. For example, California is expected to collect $643 million in marijuana tax revenue in 2018. Colorado has netted more than $500 million since legalization there in 2014, and Nevada raised $30 million in the last six months of 2017. One report projects that legalization in all states would result in more than $132 billion in revenue and 1 million jobs by 2025.

Selling to minors, driving under the influence and unauthorized commercial production and sales will still be harshly prosecuted. Meanwhile the responsible behavior of adult marijuana users will no longer lead to jail time in jurisdictions where it is legal.

Perhaps even more important, prior sentences for what should never have been a crime will be expunged in California and Oregon, improving the chances of prisoners finding employment once they're released. Hopefully the other legal-marijuana states and the District of Columbia will follow.

After a century of harassing and incarcerating folks for smoking pot—not to mention endless dire predictions about what would happen if states decided to legalize it, mostly picturing anarchy and wild sex in the streets—weed is being legalized from coast to coast. Amazingly enough, the revolution was barely noticed, except in states bordering Mexico, where the legalization of medical marijuana and other steps to decriminalize cannabis distribution and possession has significantly cut drug trafficking.

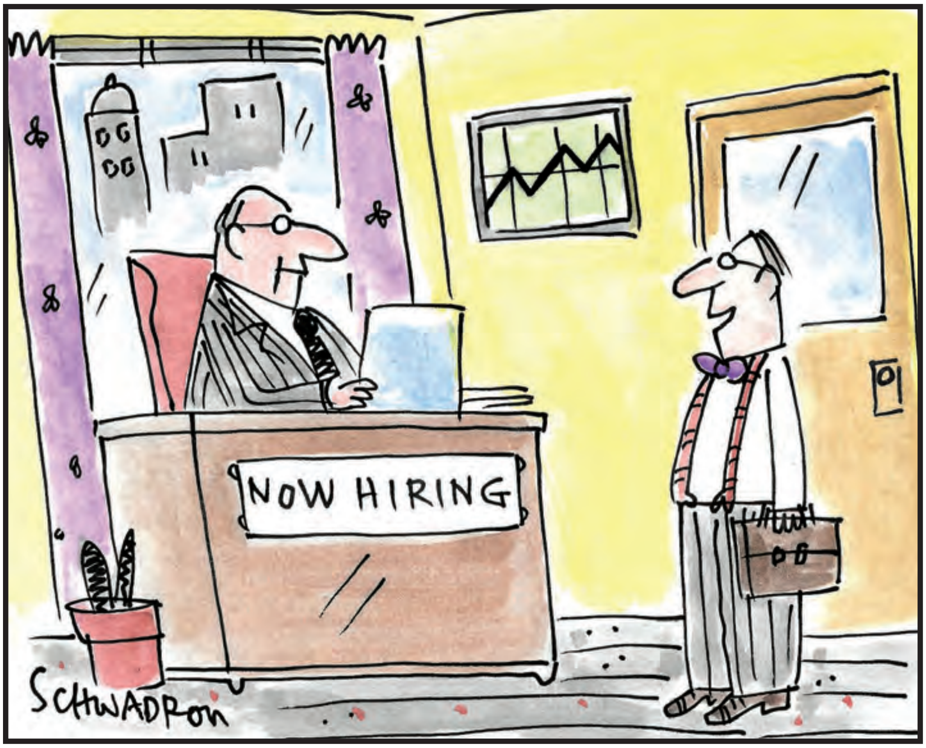
Mexico's drug cartels, a favorite Trump target in his anti-Latino tirades, hate the decriminalization of marijuana. So does America's prison-industrial complex, which thrives on waging the unnecessary and ineffective War on Drugs.

This is not a faux scientific article about drugs. It is not my intention to make sweeping statements about the positive or negative impact of mind-altering substances on individuals. That is strictly a matter of personal choice.

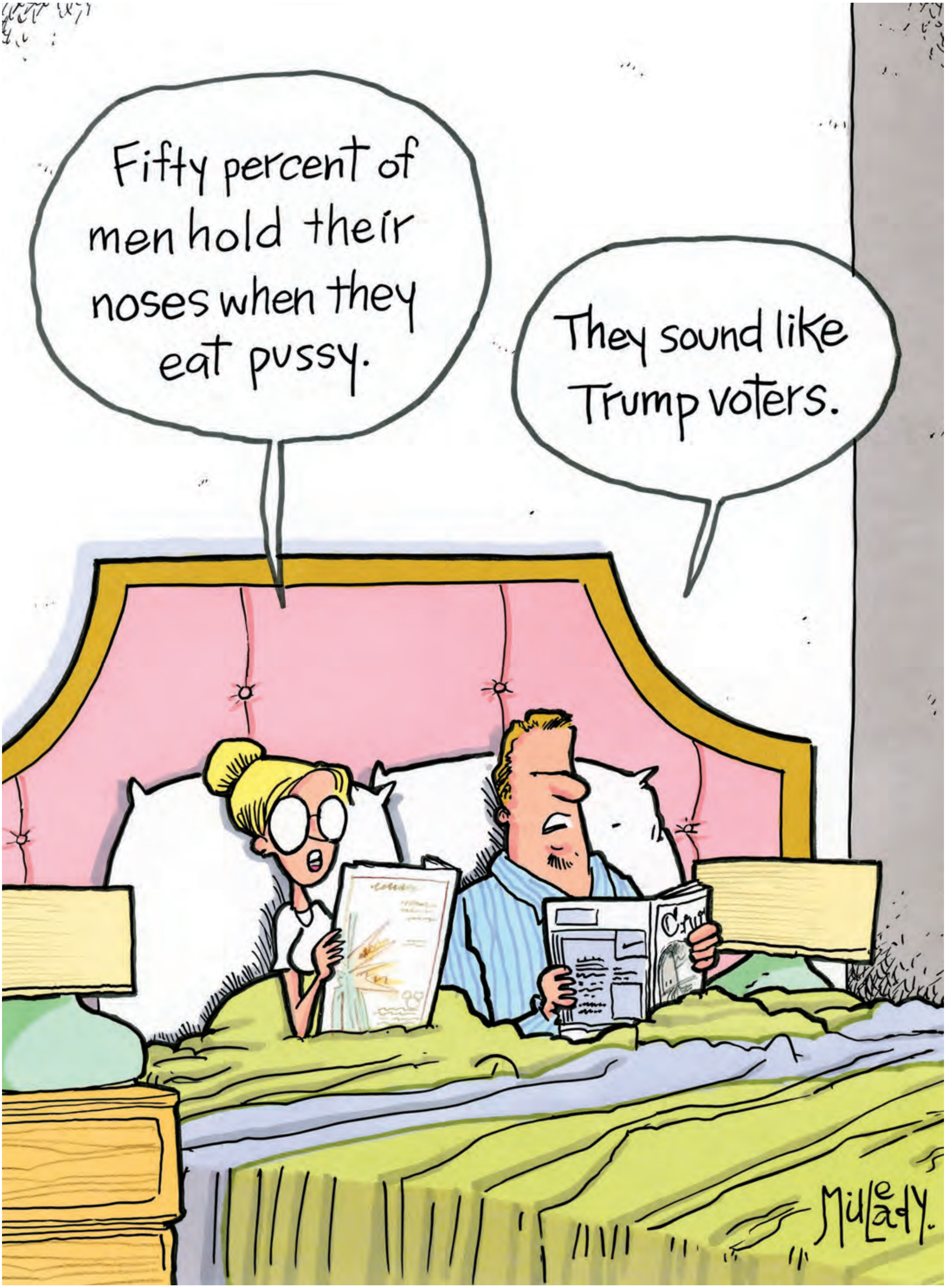
Nor do I want to encourage the use of escapist drugs, having had my own experiences with those demons and a greater evil, alcohol, leading me to decades of abstinence from all of that. But neither do I want to impose my not-always-happy tale on others, especially many of the people I respect most, who have been able to imbibe—joyfully as well as responsibly—all sorts of stimulants.

That's the whole point of the unnoticed victory of the pot revolution. Nothing bad happened. Decriminalizing pot and other banned drugs is a win-win! H

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*



"Of course I know the difference between right and wrong. Wrong pays better!"


Fifty percent of men hold their noses when they eat pussy.
They sound like Trump voters.
MiLeady.

THE GREAT DEREGULATION CON

EVEN THE TRUMP ADMINISTRATION ADMITS IT'S BULLSHIT. THE PRESIDENT AND HIS PARTY JUST HOPE YOU DON'T NOTICE.

Near the end of his first year in the White House, Donald Trump hosted an absurd episode of reality TV. Standing next to enormous stacks of blank paper in the Roosevelt Room, the President snipped a red ribbon symbolizing all the "red tape" he claimed to have cut since his inauguration.

"For many decades an ever-growing maze of regulations, rules and restrictions has cost our country trillions and trillions of dollars, millions of jobs, countless American factories and devastated many industries," the President railed. "But all that has changed the day I took the oath of office, and it's changed rapidly."

You may have heard that Republicans, and especially Trump, hate regulations. All regulations. Of any type. Republicans insist that government regulations stifle economic growth and "kill jobs." As the President has complained over and over again, they are little more than bureaucratic nightmares preventing America from becoming "great again."

"We ordered that for every one new regulation, two old regulations must be eliminated," Trump boasted. "As a result, the never-ending growth of red tape in America has come to a sudden screeching and beautiful halt.... For the first time in decades we achieved regulatory savings."

The scripted scene in the Roosevelt Room was meant to highlight his having made good on promises like the one offered to a crowd of dupes in Ohio just before the 2016 election: "Excessive regulation costs our economy $2 trillion a year. You believe that?... I want to put that money back into the pockets of the American people, where it belongs."

Two trillion bucks a year? Well, don't believe it. It's a con. Not even the Trump Administration itself believes it. Trump's citation of the financial "costs" of regulations overlooks a significant factor: the economic *benefits* of those same regulations.

Thankfully, years ago Congress mandated that the Office of Management and Budget (OMB)—an agency serving the Office of the President—issue annual reports that assess federal regulatory costs *and benefits*. And whaddaya know? The benefits of regulations to ordinary Americans, particularly those affecting the environment, *far* outweigh the costs.

The administration released the 2017 report, begrudgingly and with no fanfare, late on the night of February 23, 2018, a Friday, while Congress was adjourned and several Trump scandals were roiling. Few noticed, but the report was quite clear.

"In a nutshell," Vox.com's environment and energy reporter David Roberts observed, Trump's OMB revealed that his GOP orthodoxy "is wrong about regulations as a general matter and wrong about Obama's regulations specifically. Those regulations had benefits far in excess of their costs, and they had no discernible effect on jobs or economic growth."

The annual aggregate cost of what the OMB defines as "major" federal regulations (those exceeding $100 million in economic impact from 2006 to 2016) is cited as anywhere from $59 billion to $88 billion. However, the aggregate *benefit* to the U.S. economy of those same regulations each year is anywhere from $219 billion to $695 billion.

As Roberts explained to me, "Even if you take the highest possible estimate of costs, and the lowest possible estimate of benefits, the benefits are still well over double what the costs were in even the most conservative analysis.... The public health and social and employment benefits of these things wildly outweigh the costs—and have for years." And yet, he emphasized, "it's revealing that this is treated as a revelation."

Of course it is. It's part of the greatest hoax ever perpetrated on Americans. The one conceived by Ronald Reagan, who famously proclaimed, in his first inaugural address in 1981, that "government is not the solution to our problem; government is the problem."

That notion has become the Republicans' rallying cry ever since. It has culminated with a President brain-addled enough by Fox "News," which constantly trumpets the GOP mantra, that he actually believes it—despite what *his own* OMB reports.

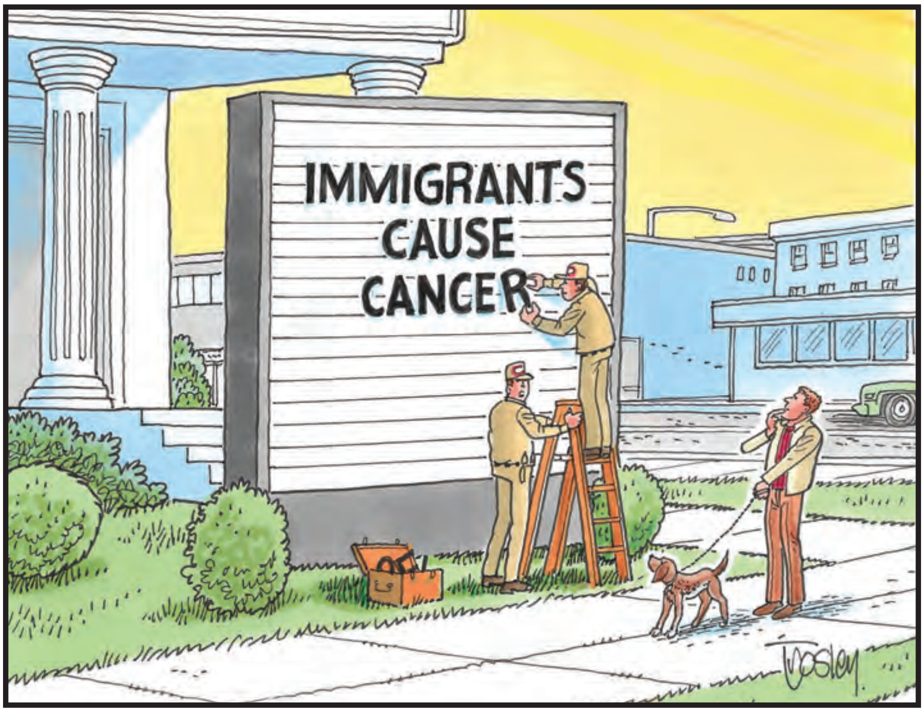
Sure, it may cost a local coal-fired power plant money to hire workers to install scrubbers and filters to limit pollutants from making their way into our air and drinking water. But those workers add jobs to the overall economy and save huge sums of money in healthcare costs spent on asthma and lung cancer treatments, savings far surpassing the environmental-protection costs to the plant owner.

As Republicans desperately fought to prevent Barack Obama's rise to the Presidency, they rekindled their Cold War-era argument that "socialism" is an evil "redistribution of wealth." That redistribution, if there were to be one, would be downward—from the wealthy to the poor. But Republicans aren't opposed to the redistribution of wealth at all, so long as the money moves from the bottom up.

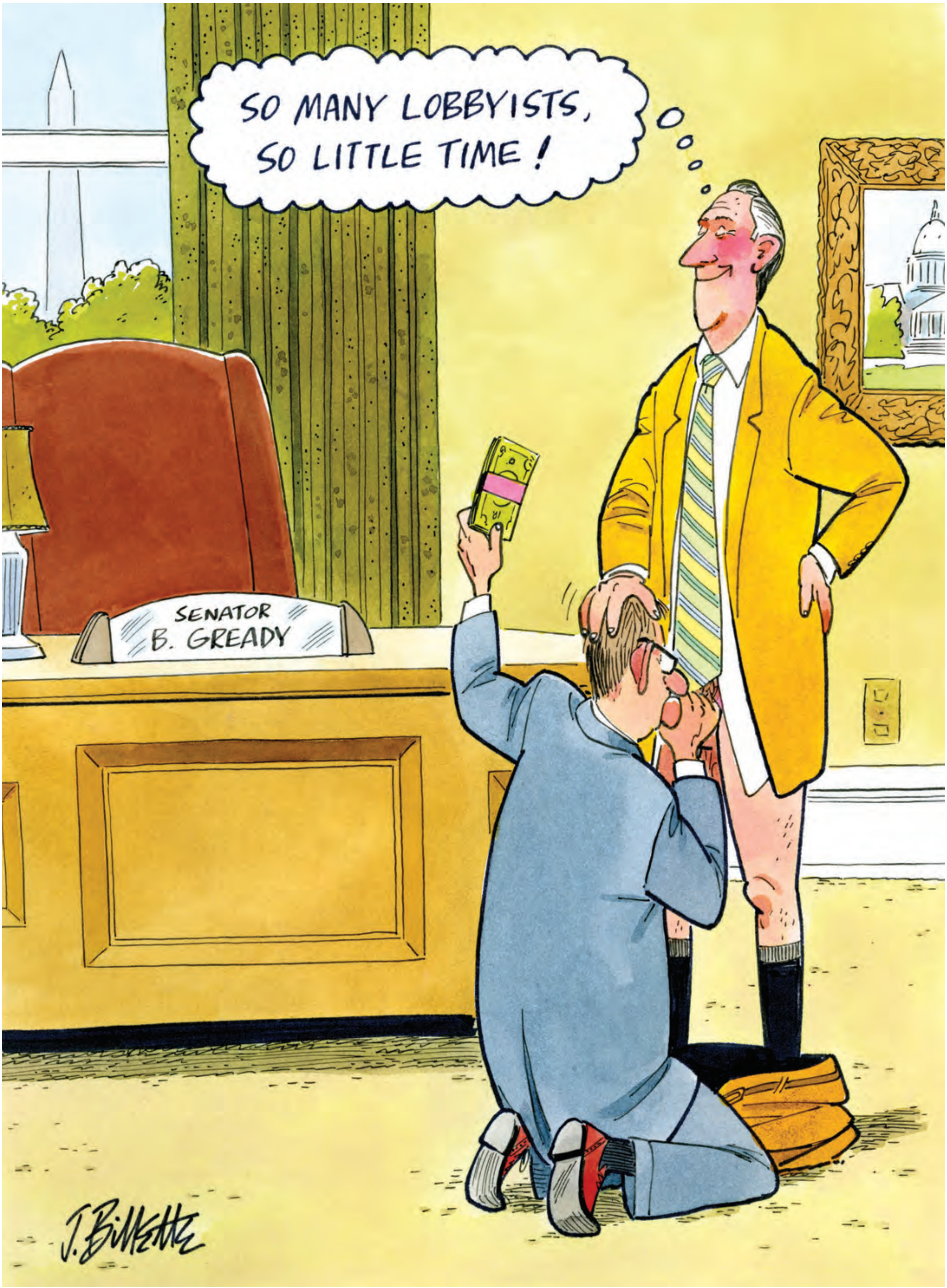
The costs of environmental regulations, Roberts said, "fall on industrialists, fall on executives at energy companies, and the benefits are borne by average people. The people who tend to suffer the most from pollution tend to be the most vulnerable populations—minority and low-income. So air-quality regulations are a *downward* redistribution of income, taking income out of corporate pockets and putting it into the pockets of average people who have to breathe the air. And the reverse—getting rid of these regulations—is an *upward* income redistribution. You're taking money out of the pockets of ordinary people, in the form of health costs and missed work, and you're putting it in the pockets of industrialists who are already wealthy."

That's exactly the way Trump and his party want it. They just hope you are dumb enough—and sick enough and poor enough—to not notice. **H**

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).



"President Trump is speaking here tonight..."


SO MANY LOBBYISTS, SO LITTLE TIME!
SENATOR B. GREADY
J. Billette

JOHN BOLTON

We almost feel sorry for Trump supporters, having to swallow one betrayal and flip-flop after another from their "populist" hero. It's like they're in a rancid-hotdog-eating contest, loyally gulping those stinking wieners down. They want to stop, but they just can't. Admitting you bet the farm on the wrong horse is a painful realization.

The latest tainted wiener they're gagging on is Trump's confounding appointment of John Bolton as his new national security adviser—the official who supervises, filters and relays the deliberations of the National Security Council to the President. This advice is supposed to be balanced, reflecting the pros and cons of various policy options, to be weighed by a discerning, judicious chief executive. We'll pause now for the laughter to subside.

Recall how many antiwar activists got all giddy over Trump because he lied about being against the Iraq war before it started, and said that we'd all be better off if we had just stayed home and not wasted a fortune in blood and money in the sands of the Middle East? The antiwar libertarians and liberals figured that no way could Trump be as hawkish as Hillary.

Choke on it, suckers! Trump's new sidekick is a one-trick pony with a poisonous mind: His solution to every foreign policy issue is shoot first and ask questions later—bomb the hell out of them! Just the nutcase you wouldn't want advising a belligerent buffoon with his spastic little fingers hovering over the nuclear launch button.

Bolton is widely regarded as one of the biggest assholes in the Beltway, but don't take our word for it. Jeffrey Lewis, director of the East Asia Nonproliferation Program at the Middlebury Institute of International Studies, says, "Bolton is an asshole. [He's] a terrible person who gives terrible advice and treats people like shit. If I were in the White House, I would resign immediately rather than be subjected to his tirades." Bill Maher summed it up best: Bolton is "what they call an asshole's asshole."

It's not only Democrats and liberals with this opinion. Carl W. Ford Jr., a former intelligence official with the State Department and avowed "loyal Republican," called Bolton a "serial abuser" of staff and a "quintessential kiss-up, kick-down sort of guy." Ford related how in 2002 Bolton bullied and tried to fire an analyst who refused to sign off on a bullshit speech claiming that Cuba had biological WMDs, a propaganda lie completely unsupported by intelligence. A former government contractor testified how Bolton in 1994 bellowed threats and insults about her weight, chased her down a hotel hallway in Moscow, pounded on her locked door and even hurled a tape dispenser at her. He "generally behave[d] like a madman," she stated.

But all this is relatively petty stuff. What marks Johnny Boy as a sick motherfucker who deserves to be banished to a desert island is his horrendous record as a policy wonk who has made the world a more bloody and dangerous place.

As undersecretary of state for arms control in the Bush Junior Administration, Bolton was the lead advocate for dismantling the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty negotiated by Richard Nixon. Vladimir Putin cites this decision—which occurred shortly after the Soviet Union collapsed and Russia was on its knees, posing no threat to anyone—as a signal that the U.S. had become a rogue nation, determined to violate international law and dominate the whole planet. It led directly to the revived nuclear arms race, with Russia now developing a powerful arsenal of new nuclear weapons. And according to Kingston Reif, the director for disarmament and threat reduction policy at the Arms Control Association, this same decision was largely responsible for North Korea's mad rush to get its own nukes.

Now Bolton's solution is to launch a preemptive strike on North Korea that would no doubt trigger a war, killing 20,000 per day in South Korea, according to the Pentagon's own estimate, and potentially millions more if it went nuclear. The real reason Kim Jong-un wants nukes is that during the Korean War our Air Force bombed every city, town and farm in North Korea, indiscriminately killing an estimated 600,000 civilians—a higher ratio of civilian/military deaths than all of WWII and Vietnam. North Korea is not an imperialist power—it simply wants a tool for diplomacy and a deterrent against another deadly massacre by American bombers.

So far Bolton's worst crime was spearheading the case for Saddam's bogus WMDs that launched the disastrous Iraq war. When a Brazilian diplomat, José Bustani of the Organisation for the Prohibition of Chemical Weapons (OPCW), planned to go to Iraq to inspect these alleged weapons, Bolton took the lead in ousting Bustani. After the Bush Administration threatened to cut off funding to the OPCW, the organization voted to fire Bustani, clearing the way for cooked "intelligence" to trigger the preemptive invasion. Incredibly and nearly alone in this day and age, Bolton still defends that decision, because, he says, Saddam was a bad guy who had chemical weapons and he posed a threat to peace and stability in the region. "I still think the decision to overthrow Saddam was correct," Bolton told the *Washington Examiner* in 2015. "I think decisions made after that decision were wrong.... The people who say, 'Oh, things would've been much better if you didn't overthrow Saddam,' miss the point that today's Middle East does not flow totally and unchangeably from the decision to overthrow Saddam alone."

As if Iraq wasn't enough of a disaster for Bolton, for nearly two decades he's been beating the drum for a similar attack on Iran, a nation vastly more populous and powerful than Iraq, with a chokehold on the Persian Gulf, the world's most important and vulnerable oil artery. Such a war would likely further destabilize not only the Middle East, but the entire planet, and could very well lead to WWIII. Does this plunge into mass death and destruction even enter his mind? Of course not.

So what does drive a dung-spewing punk like Bolton? There are two factors. One, any smooth-talking cheerleader for the military-industrial complex can virtually write his ticket in D.C. The Pentagon loves screeching war hawks, and the money from all the defense-friendly think tanks will flow nicely. Bolton has been a member of most of them, from the Project for a New American Century to the American Enterprise Institute, Council for National Policy, and Jewish Institute for National Security of America, all neocon propaganda fountains.

Second is guilt over dodging combat when he had the chance. Johnny Boy never got his gun—like Dubya, he enlisted in the National Guard after graduating from Yale. In the 25th reunion book at Yale, he wrote, "I confess I had no desire to die in a Southeast Asian rice paddy. I considered the war in Vietnam already lost." But this Ivy League chicken hawk has no qualms about sending thousands of working-class kids to the butcher's mill.

Johnny Boy has raked in millions whoring for the military-industrial complex. And the millions of potentional deaths from his warmongering don't bother him a wink. We'd like to do what Hawkeye Pierce from *M*A*S*H* suggested for Major Frank Burns, the gung ho Ferret Face of that series: "We're going to strip you naked, paint you purple and drop you behind enemy lines." At the first sight of blood, or merely an angry enemy combatant, we know Johnny Boy would be pissing yellow streaks down his purple legs, matching the big yellow one down his back! H

PHOTO BY GAGE SKIDMORE/ALAMY

BRA & ORDER

It's one thing for adult content to be viewed by your unsuspecting grandma, but you'd think a lawyer would have a pretty high threshold for nipples. Still, even parasites must have their limits.

The human tapeworms of the Utah Bar Association feigned shock in March, when every lawyer in the state received a boobilicious image attached to an email bearing the innocuous subject line "2018 Spring Convention Walk-Ins Welcome! Learn How!"

The rack in question was quite spectacular, comparable to Darcie Dolce's stellar mams. The photo had a professional feel to it—in a Sears catalog kind of way—and was about as soft as softcore gets. So of course this email was treated as worse than 9/11 and the Holocaust combined.

"We are horrified!" John Baldwin, the organization's executive director, told Fox 13 in Salt Lake City. "We are investigating to discover how this occurred. Our goal is to find out what happened and ensure it never happens again."

The Bar apologized in a tweet and promised to investigate the matter, but they might want to consider some much needed introspection instead: Apparently Utah has a porn problem, and Titgate is only the tip of the iceberg. In fact, the Beehive State declared pornography a public health crisis in 2016. Fentanyl and opioid epidemics be damned. Apparently, they're harmless. Hell, it's obviously tits and pussy that are ruining this state.

CELEBRITY SEX STORIES

In the age of Fake News, Reddit is citizen journalism in its purest form: *This happened to me, and now I'm sharing it with you. Believe me or don't believe me, I don't care.*

Fact or fiction, who knows? Still, some threads ring more true than others. Case in point: celebrity sex testimonials. There's no shortage of stories on the subject—as of last March, there were just over 9,300 replies (and counting) to a thread on groupie encounters. Here are just a few alleged incidents:

Joan Jett: A street musician in New York was at a house party when he saw the raven-haired rock goddess in the flesh. Our man railed a couple of lines, gathered his courage, and they dry-humped/made out for the better part of an hour.

John Mayer: Careful—the first three rows will get wet! A friend of a friend claims to know a girl who "hooked up with John Mayer, like, ten years ago, and he pissed on her afterwards."

Blind item: Rhymes with Shmoo Doll? "I got a blowjob from a certain musically inclined drag queen. Everything she brags about is true."

The White Witch: "I boned Stevie Nicks in an airplane over the Swiss Alps in 1984. I still think she's as beautiful as ever."

Pitbull: One user claimed to know a woman who slept with the Miami rapper, and according to her, his sunglasses never once came off, not even during sex.

Metal Maiden: "At least two members of Korn, Marilyn Manson, Static-X, Filter and countless other bands. I was even briefly engaged to a musician who thought I was a goddess. I left because of a drug issue he had."

Christopher Mintz-Plasse: The *Superbad* star wins for nicest story. "A friend of mine had sex with Christopher Mintz-Plasse, aka McLovin. They still text, and apparently he's a supersweet guy."

Wait, what? "This will be buried, but I fucked Haylie Duff."

"The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers." —*WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, PLAYWRIGHT*

THE REAL FAKE NEWS: 1 IN 4 AMERICANS WILL HAVE WORKED FOR TRUMP BY 2020

Researchers at the University of Phoenix have crunched the numbers, and at the current rate, it's estimated that nearly 75 million Americans will have worked for the Trump Administration by the end of his term.

"We knew it would be high, with White House employees being fired or resigning on a daily basis, but were astonished by the results," says lead researcher Professor Samantha Davis. "The administration staff turnover rate, from lowly intern to high-level cabinet positions, will soon outpace even that of McDonald's."

In their findings, Davis and her team describe an exponential multiplier they dubbed the Scaramucci Effect. "It's not only that a President who was famous for telling people 'You're fired!' is firing people; it's that their tenure is becoming shorter and shorter. As early as February 2019 we calculate that the average White House position will be held for approximately 2.5 seconds."

The researchers conclude that the number of employees needed to vet, hire and fire administration members will itself exceed 1 million by mid-2018 and at least 20,000 will be named Omarosa.

These staggering numbers have many Americans living in fear that they too will briefly become the President's bodyguard or secretary of state and then immediately find out they were fired on Twitter or while on the toilet. But not everyone is concerned.

"The study's methodology is fundamentally flawed," says statistician and critic Dale Westerhaus. "While it's true that Trump would go through many millions of administration hires, Davis fails to take into consideration the limiting size of suitably rich and terrible candidates."

Westerhaus believes there are only roughly 150,000 assholes rich enough and terrible enough to be considered viable candidates.

***DISCLAIMER: THIS IS FAKE NEWS AND IS NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. FOR FAKE NEWS THAT IS MEANT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY, TUNE IN TO* HANNITY.**

HELP WANTED

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY HUSTLER.
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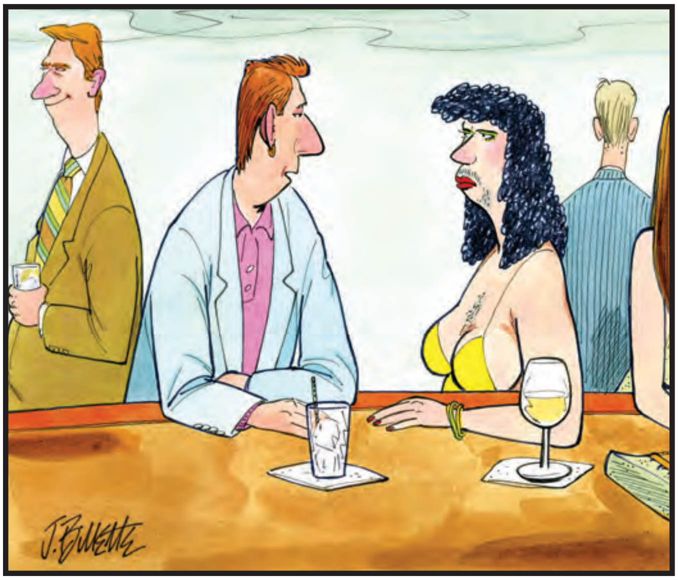
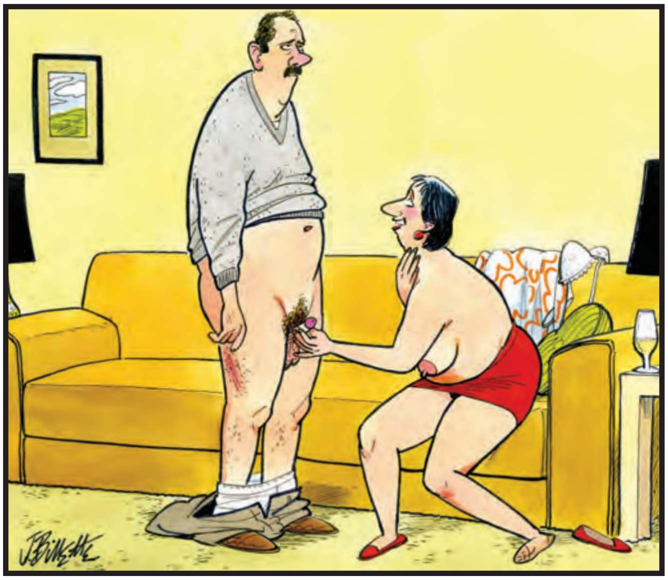
"During the President's first year, the administration saw a 34% turnover rate." —FORTUNE



"Your ad on Craigslist said that you were shaved. I guess you meant *just* your pussy."



"Oh, thank God you're so very, very tiny! I have a terrible gag reflex!"

STAR POWER

Adult entertainment is a gigantic, multibillion-dollar industry, and performers can do quite well for themselves using basic business acumen and the sweet equity of star power. Sadly, *Forbes* has yet to produce a "rich list" for porn stars, so for now we'll have to make do with *Fortune* magazine's scientifically dubious compilation of the industry's most popular performers. It may lack methodology, but dammit if these names don't make all the sense in the world. Pseudo-rankings are based on social media presence, income diversification (i.e. OnlyFans.com, custom videos) and depth of filmography. And so, without further ado and in no particular order…

Eva Lovia: The former Digital Playground contract performer forged a partnership with powerhouse director Greg Lansky (Tushy, Vixen, Blacked), whose net worth is more closely guarded than the Federal Reserve.

Abella Danger: The 2016 Best New Starlet (AVN) is a social media ninja who uses her massive Twitter fan base (500k and counting) to promote upcoming scenes, products and more.

Romi Rain: Romi, whose mom was a HUSTLER Busty Beauty, is very active as a feature dancer, while her custom content brings in an estimated $52K a year on top of her scenes for the industry's top companies.

Lana Rhoades: Another Lansky recruit, it's rumored that her scenes are among the highest viewed among his brands. She's on the cutting edge, with several virtual reality scenes under her belt, and also makes a tidy profit as a featured dancer.

Gina Valentina: Top-tier Spiegler model with a mountain of content, both studio and custom.

Elsa Jean: Young, prolific and doesn't rely on feature dancing or camming.

Chanel Preston: Podcast host, director, industry activist, renowned performer—Chanel is the real deal and can do it all.

Riley Reid: Her massive social media following allows her to market custom clips via her personal website, where a subscription will set you back $35 per month.

Aidra Fox: Aidra uses Patreon, where fans pay $10 per month for photos and $50 per month for all access. She also does SFW content, playing The Sims for fans via her YouTube channel.

Angela White: Bow down! Queen Angela took home a boatload of trophies at the AVN Awards in January and is considered one of porn's most sought-after performers. She runs her own production company, and produces her own award-winning content.

Keisha Grey: No endorsement deals, but no worries—with almost 400 scenes to her name and enough nominations to choke a horse, Keisha is no slouch.

Jessica Drake: The veteran performer markets explicit educational films for grownups and is a "special envoy" for Wicked Pictures. She alleges Donald Trump offered her $10,000 to join him in his hotel suite in 2006, but Jessica doesn't bother with chump change.

YOU ARE NOT ALONE

There's no sugarcoating it: The end of 2017/beginning of 2018 was a dark time for the porn industry. It culminated at the AVN Awards in January, where Best Director Greg Lansky said only a brief thank-you before yielding the mic to fellow director Kevin Moore, whose wife, August Ames, took her own life last December.

"There can never be another AVN Awards show that has a memorial full of young women ever again," said Moore.

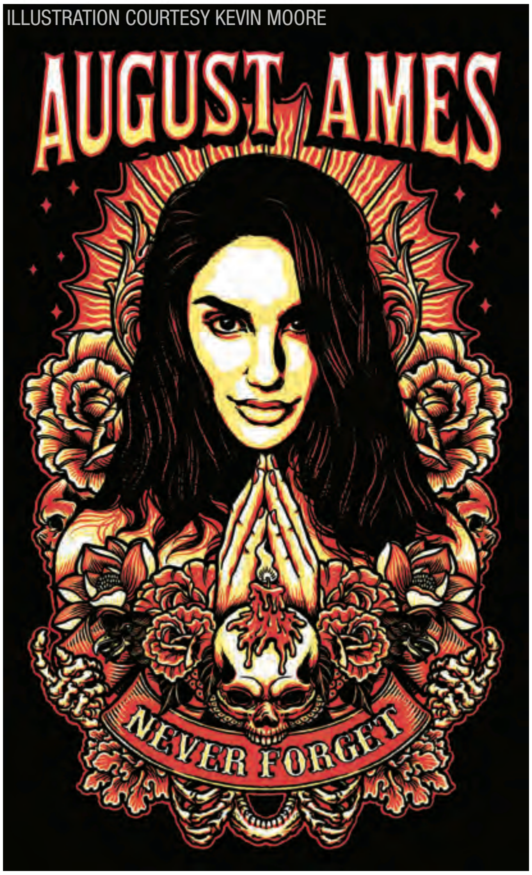
Five, to be precise, and all in the span of three months: Shyla Stylez died in her sleep, cause of death unknown; Olivia Nova contracted sepsis from a severe urinary tract infection that spread to her kidney; Yurizan Beltran succumbed to an apparent drug overdose; and Olivia Lua, who had battled substance abuse, died in rehab after a recent relapse.

Moore's plan is to establish a suicide prevention hotline staffed by people who understand the unique issues adult performers grapple with every day. "We're either a real business that takes care of our [performers], or we are the very thing the outside world thinks we are," he told *Rolling Stone*.

Which begs the question, what kind of support structure is currently in place for performers who need help? The Adult Performer Advocacy Committee (APAC) is a good place to start. They've compiled a list of mental health and community resources. From therapists and mental health professionals to support organizations for sex workers, there are people who can listen and hopefully help. The list includes hotlines for domestic and substance abuse and even a lifeline for LGBTQ youth.

But the problem is not simply going to vanish. "This has become a crisis," tweeted Moore in January. If you are a performer and need support, reach out. If you see someone who is in trouble and doesn't know where to turn, show them they aren't alone. For more information, go to **apac-usa.com/professionals-therapists** or **apac-usa.com/single-post/2018/01/20/Sex-Worker-Friendly-Mental-Health-Support-Directory**.

ILLUSTRATION COURTESY KEVIN MOORE



"The purpose of human life is to serve, and to show compassion and the will to help others." —ALBERT SCHWEITZER, HUMANITARIAN

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NIA NACCI

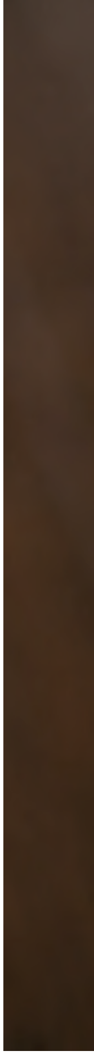
TEEN DREAM

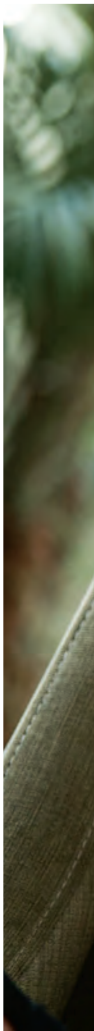
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
VICTOR LIGHTWORSHIP

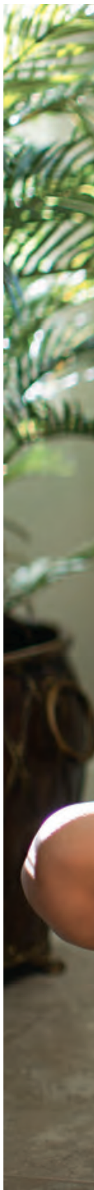
When I was just 18, an agent discovered me. I had already been thinking about entering the industry, and then this agent came out of nowhere. Since I really like to fuck, I was like, *Why not?! I'm a horny little bunny!*

"My breasts are real, and when I was in school, they got me a lot of attention. But I was a good student anyway—I promise! My breasts are still my favorite body parts. I love it when a guy nuts on them.

"I've always been into older men. I'm pretty submissive. I like dick, and I want my man to dominate me, but I also need him to be a good kisser. Neck kisses get me so wet. I want the kisses to be good, and the sex to be even better. One of my hottest experiences was when a guy bent me over and fucked me as I was climbing into a car. He really left me wanting more."

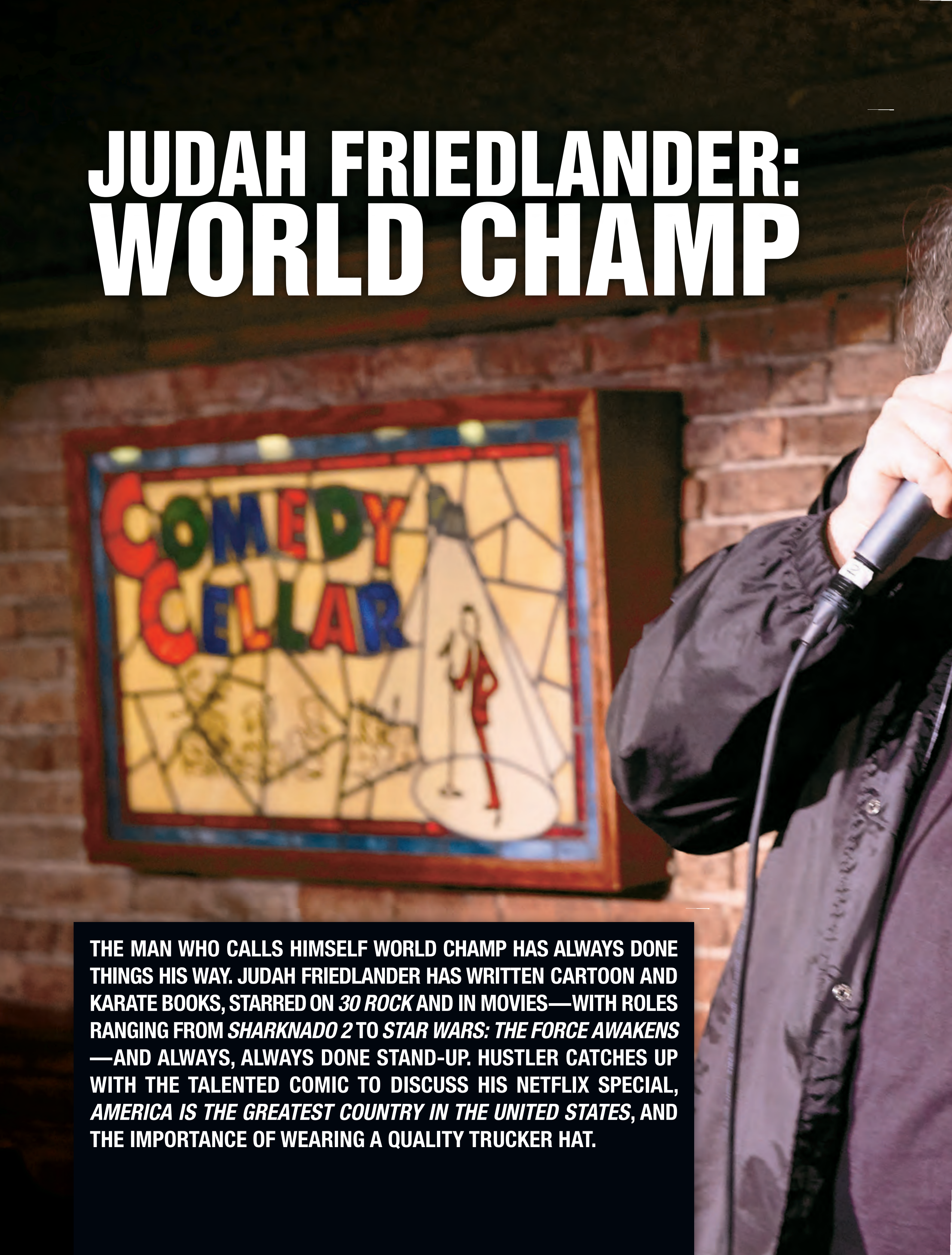






NIA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Los Angeles, California** | AGE: **19** | HEIGHT: **5-7**
MEASUREMENTS: **32D-24-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy** | TWITTER: **@NiaNacciXXX**



JUDAH FRIEDLANDER: WORLD CHAMP

THE MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF WORLD CHAMP HAS ALWAYS DONE THINGS HIS WAY. JUDAH FRIEDLANDER HAS WRITTEN CARTOON AND KARATE BOOKS, STARRED ON *30 ROCK* AND IN MOVIES—WITH ROLES RANGING FROM *SHARKNADO 2* TO *STAR WARS: THE FORCE AWAKENS*—AND ALWAYS, ALWAYS DONE STAND-UP. HUSTLER CATCHES UP WITH THE TALENTED COMIC TO DISCUSS HIS NETFLIX SPECIAL, *AMERICA IS THE GREATEST COUNTRY IN THE UNITED STATES*, AND THE IMPORTANCE OF WEARING A QUALITY TRUCKER HAT.

INTERVIEW BY T.S. FARLEY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIUS BUGGE

HUSTLER: You started out as an artist?
JUDAH FRIEDLANDER: My parents weren't big on me sitting around watching TV, so it was always either go outside and play or make something. Sometimes we'd go to my dad's job, and he had these big rolls of industrial brown paper, probably a foot or two wide. He'd just tear some off and go, "All right, guys, draw something." I remember as a little kid seeing my dad reading the paper, and he'd be yelling at it or laughing, and I'd go, "What's that?" It would be some cartoon, and even if I didn't always understand what was going on, I loved the drawings. So when I was 10 or 11, I started doing my own political cartoons. And when I put out a book of drawings a couple years ago, *If the Raindrops United*, I included one from when I was around 11. It was about Lech Walesa, the Polish rights worker. You know, fun stuff, kid stuff.

One of your most iconic acting roles was in *American Splendor*, about the great cartoonist Harvey Pekar. You're completely unrecognizable in that movie.
Harvey's comics were about the mundaneness of life. He would do one about someone waiting in line at a store. That would be a whole comic strip, so the opposite of superhero stuff. I played Toby Radloff, a real nerd, who worked with Harvey. Harvey had a job at the VA in Cleveland, I think as a file clerk, and Toby was a file clerk too. Very odd guy, interesting guy, very nerdy but like a real nerd, not a hipster nerd. He was socially awkward and kind of an outcast. I had to really change my look for that, cut my hair, straighten it, lighten it, and then I had to talk like Toby, walk like Toby. I had tapes, and I'd been studying him for all the physicality stuff, but the night before filming began, he told me his whole life story, and that really helped me get the psychological/emotional side of him.

Were he and Harvey on set for filming?
They were on the set fairly often, and it helped me. There's a scene in the movie with all four us, the real Harvey Pekar and the real Toby Radloff and then me and Paul Giamatti playing them. That was really stressful because we were like, this is either gonna be completely embarrassing or maybe it'll be great. It turned out that it made the fucking movie.

For seven seasons you played Frank Rossitano on *30 Rock*. Now, there was a true fan of porn.
Oh, yeah. On the show Frank openly talked about porn all the time. He was making a porn video game on one episode, so yeah, he was definitely, definitely really big into your magazine.

How was the whole *30 Rock* experience?
It was a good influence on me. The writers there, they had strong, quality jokes and a high volume of jokes, and they were all intertwined with very funny storylines. Then each episode was probably ten minutes longer on the page than on the TV show. Their first cut would be to like 28 minutes, and by the time it aired, they would cut it down to 22 minutes. It was already supertight, and then in the editing they would condense and condense and condense, so at the end it was no fat, just bang, bang, bang. When I made my stand-up special, I thought about *30 Rock* with their editing process, how everything has to be a piece of the puzzle, no extra stuff.

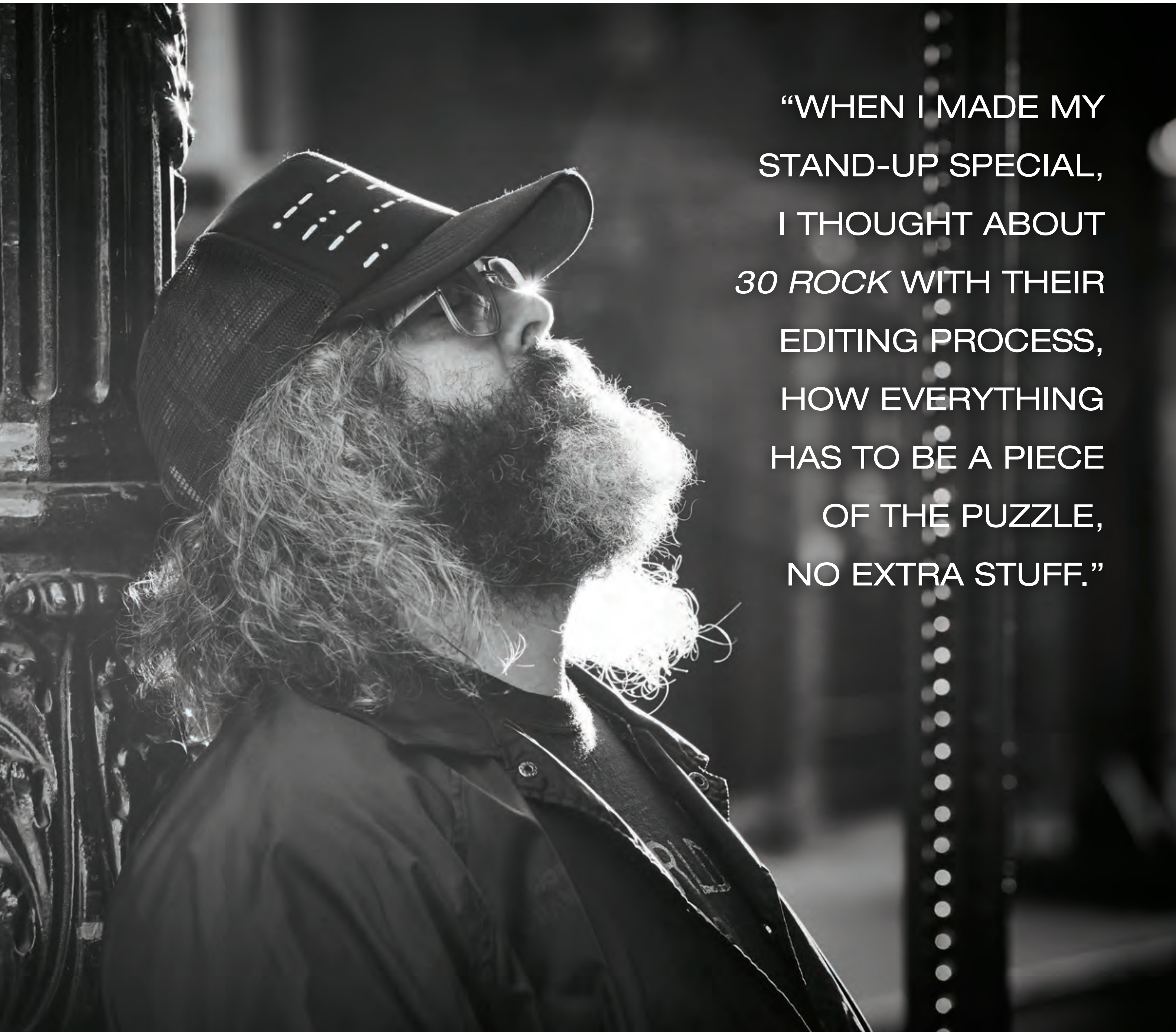
Was it a riot to work on that show?
It wasn't nearly as much goofing off as people think. Season 1 they would let me improvise some, but later that was pretty much out the window. I remember the director would often say to me, "Hey, Judah, put a button on that." He meant, when the dialogue ends in a scene, just make up a joke and throw it out there. Some of those ad-libs made the air, some didn't, but that happened a lot on the first season. Never happened after that.

Be honest: Alec Baldwin's a dick, right? Tina Fey's a princess?
[*Laughs.*] I didn't have any problems with anyone there.

At some point you became a regular in Ben Stiller movies.
I was for a while there, and it was weird. A lot of people thought we were buddies or we started out together, but nope. The first one I did was *Meet the Parents*, which was the first movie I ever did that got released. Ben and I filmed the scene in a real pharmacy that was open, so right next to us, off-camera, were the real pharmacists. Me and Ben would do the scene, and when they'd say "Cut," Stiller and I would shuffle to the side, and the pharmacists would come back to ring up customers. In *Zoolander* I played Scrappy Zoolander, one of his coal miner brothers.

Then you did *Along Came Polly* and—
Starsky & Hutch. The director on that one was Todd Phillips, who I knew from way back. I think he'd seen me on *The Late Late Show* with Craig Kilborn, and the casting director called me up and was like, "Hey, we're filming this scene tomorrow. It doesn't pay much, but…" And I said, "Yup, I'll do it!" When I got on set, Stiller had a look like, "What're you doing here?" I'm like, "Dude, I got cast. I'm not stalking you!" [*Laughs.*]

I've read that you love karate and you're a fan of Steven Seagal and would like to work with him.
Let me explain that in a couple ways. Seagal's early movies were extremely entertaining on two levels. First, they were just good B action/revenge/retribution movies, and second, parts of them were so bad,



“WHEN I MADE MY STAND-UP SPECIAL, I THOUGHT ABOUT *30 ROCK* WITH THEIR EDITING PROCESS, HOW EVERYTHING HAS TO BE A PIECE OF THE PUZZLE, NO EXTRA STUFF.”

they sort of transcended bad and turned into unintentionally hilarious and great. But that was years ago. I wouldn’t necessarily be saying that today. I mean, you hear about all these nightmare things on his sets. I heard that in his first couple movies, the fight scenes look so real because he was really hitting guys, which isn’t cool. As a story, it’s interesting, but…. And now, with the some of the serious stuff you’re hearing [*shakes head*]…. So, nah, I don’t want to work with anyone who might be a dick. You wanna work with people who are cool.

Last time we were in New York, it was to feature Michael Rapaport. You ever work with White Mike?
On the movie *Live Free or Die*. I was a scumbag business owner, and he and Kevin Dunn were cops, bad-apple cops. They came to investigate a robbery at my guy’s store, and they ask if I have any enemies. The list is so long ’cause my character is such a scumbag, but then I find out my secret sex room/porn stash has been broken into. My line is “Cunts took my pornos!”

For all your acting success, you consider yourself a stand-up comedian first?
That’s my main thing. I started working at the Comedy Cellar in, I think, 1992. Back then they used to have one show, started at 9 p.m. and ended at 2, but at around 12:45 they would have what they called Late Night—comics coming out to do five-minute sets. For the Late Night >>

spot your pay was one drink. At some point they started picking the best of those people from Late Night, and then your pay was food. Some comics who actually got paid, they only got half off on food, so depending on how much you ate, you could theoretically be the highest-paid comic that night. I've been coming here ever since, and now it's just sort of normal. This is where I go. Every day now at the Cellar I perform between one and four times a night.

But *America Is the Greatest Country in the United States* is your first special?
I've turned down doing specials for years, because for the most part I don't like how they are made. Most specials there's all these crane shots and smoke machines. You get this giant room and all these people artificially brought in there and hyped up and juiced up. It's fake. That's one reason, and the other reason is that there would always be restrictions on what you could say, whether it was certain words or certain subject matters. And the contracts always sucked. They'd say that they owned not only the filmed performance of you, but your words in it. I'd be like, "Sorry, guys, you can't own my material. I fucking wrote it, and I performed it, so you can't own that shit. You can't own my fucking words, my thoughts." So I would turn them down.

> "I WAS NEVER THE COOL 'IN' PERSON. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN AN OUTSIDER AND STILL AM. EVEN AMONGST COMICS I'M AN OUTSIDER, SO I'M AN OUTSIDER AMONGST OUTSIDERS."

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Is that why you made the special on your own?
One hundred percent made it myself. Funded it myself. I filmed it a different way than most specials. Stand-up is a simple art form, and I felt the special should be filmed in a simple way. If I had pitched my special, I don't think anyone would have gone for it. Like, "It's 84 minutes, in black and white and filmed over multiple nights, all satire on U.S. domestic and foreign policy and human rights issues." No one would've fucking said yes to that, so I had to make it on my own. And I'm still a little surprised that anyone bought it.

You know, with comedy, when you live in a society that's always trying to make you conform, you have to work harder and harder against that happening. I was never the cool "in" person. I've always been an outsider and still am. Even amongst comics I'm an outsider, so I'm an outsider amongst outsiders. The comedy business has changed a lot too, a lot more big business than it used to be. It's a very corporate, dull, mainstream kinda thing now, but as a comic, if you become an insider, how do you really comment on things, when you've become part of the system? Especially if you're doing social commentary or human rights stuff. I call it the *Rocky III* syndrome. In *Rocky* he's this down-and-out guy who gets his shot; in *Rocky II* he's still a guy who has to make it; but in *Rocky III* he's all rich and successful, and he gets soft, starts losing. So I think you can't get soft and out of touch. You always gotta be on the fringe or you become sort of a mainstream puppet, and that isn't me.

Do you think art and entertainment are too watered down today?
Show business has always been full of shit, and you're seeing some of that now with the #MeToo movement. The right-wing will market Hollywood as these crazy liberals, but meanwhile, the biggest corporations in the world run Hollywood. And Hollywood in general wants people to think it's progressive or that they're good people, but it's a shitty business where quality is not even in their business model. I mean, I've noticed in the last couple years at least that quantity and quality are the same thing now. Quantity *is* quality, or that's how most people look at it. If you put up a YouTube video and it gets 10 million hits, that must mean it's great, but if you put up a great video and it only gets 5,000 hits, no one gives a shit even though that could be an amazing video. So quantity now equals quality, and when you have that going on, it's fucking crazy. A lot seems cookie-cutter to me.

Tell me about your decidedly un-cookie-cutter World Champ persona up onstage during *America Is the Greatest Country in the United States*.
The World Champ is a comment on the showoffs, the hot dogs, the narcissists. Initially it started as a comment on the braggarts. Then it started to comment on the narcissism, when Myspace and Facebook started. The World Champ is about that, a subversive comment. At first I was doing all these things, ridiculous athletic achievements like bowling a 300 using a golf ball. Then I noticed that my World Champ morphed into a real-life superhero, like, *This isn't bragging. This shit's real.* I was just saying stuff in a very low-key, matter-of-fact, nonbraggart way, and it just happened to be fucking amazing shit that nobody else could do. And then it started morphing into not just athletic prowess and sexual prowess and all these amazing things—not only is he a world champion, but he is someone who champions *for* the world, for the people of the world and the plants and the animals and the environment. He ends up a champion who fights for the rights of everyone and everything, while being better than everyone else, of course, so it works on a bunch of levels. Now, the underlying theme throughout the special is American exceptionalism, about how we are Number One at everything, so that goes back to being world champions. The way we view things is that every other country is lesser than the U.S., which is what I'm satirizing.

At one point in the special you say that as Americans, "We're dumb but we're confident."
From the time we're little kids, we're taught that this is the greatest >>

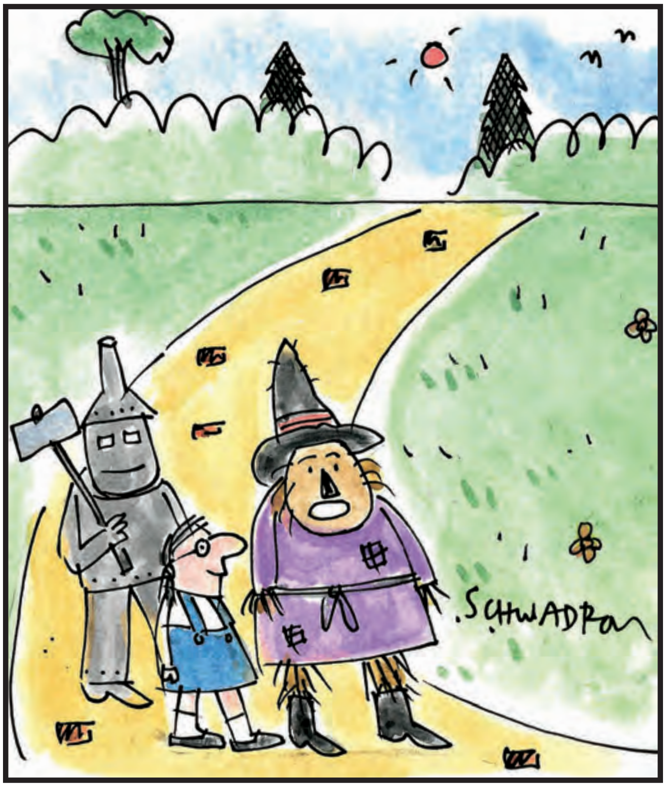
country in the world. We see it on TV. Everyone says the same thing: This is the Number One country in the world. Or we're electing the "leader of the free world." I always thought, *Uh, how come Norway doesn't get to vote for the leader of the free world? Argentina? How come Egypt doesn't get to vote?* It must be because we're Number One and they obviously don't deserve it. So my World Champ works on several different levels.

In the special you say that in the United States we give free meals and housing to 2.6 million prisoners, what you call a "mandatory gesture of unconditional love."
I talk about all the big human rights issues in the country and the world, mass incarceration and gun control and healthcare and drone strikes.

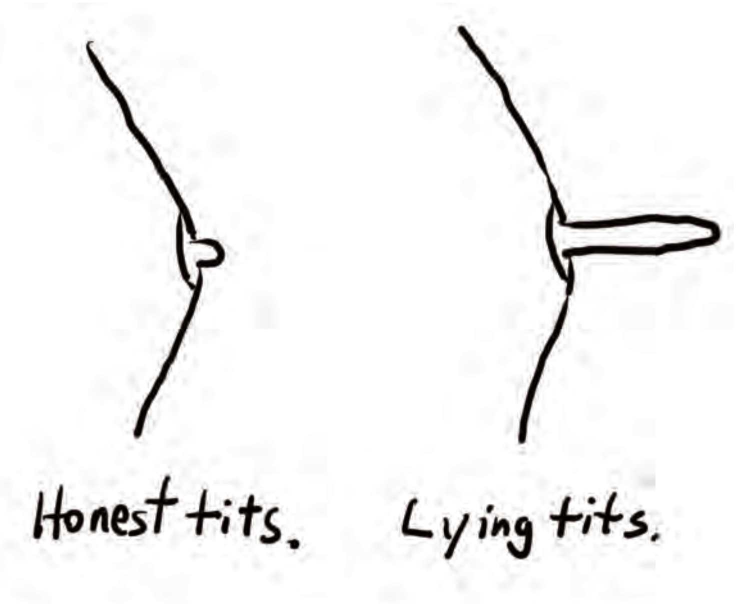
You ask a guy from Holland, "How many gun murders did you have last year?"
Yeah, and he was, "I dunno. Two? Three?" And I'm like, "We had 30,000. And you know why? 'Cause we're Number One! We have superior aim. You guys have no aim, and that's why you're stuck playing soccer, not the Number One sports, like us."

And the crowd, and us watching at home, howl with laughter at that. What's wrong with us, to be laughing at 30,000 gun deaths?
You're not laughing at the 30,000 gun deaths. You're laughing at the hypocrisy of it all.

My favorite joke in the special is when you talk about the civil rights movement of the '60s and say, "And that's when a bunch of white guys decided to get on a rocket and leave the planet…"



"Why do I need a brain when I can just google everything?


Honest tits.
Lying tits.

[*Laughs.*] There's a lot about race in there, yeah.

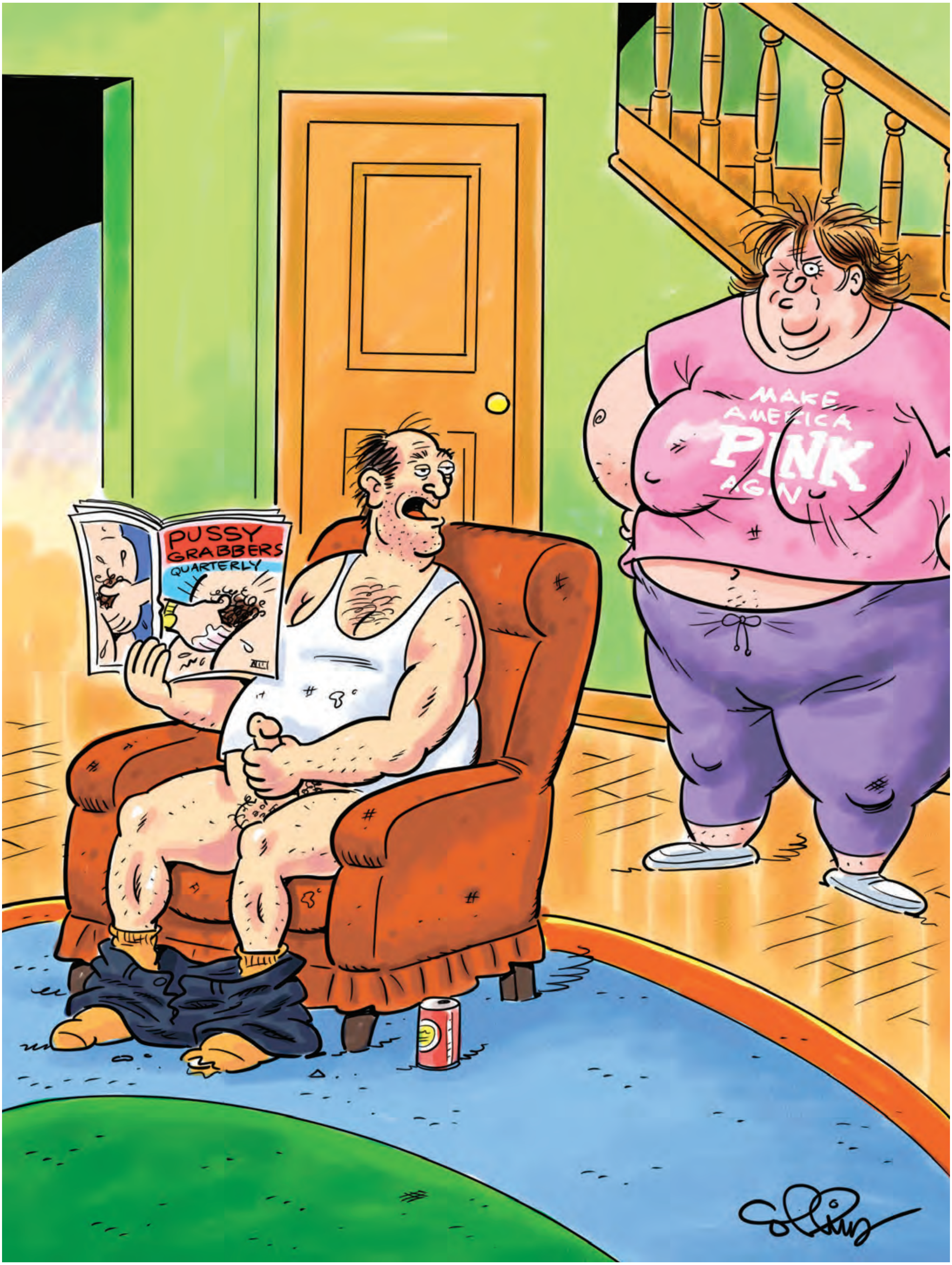
Plus you make some Trump jokes.
Only a couple.

Mostly about the sons.
Eric? Well, man, I gotta say something about Eric. But of all these issues I talk about, only one or two of the 84 minutes in the special is ripping on Trump—because all these issues I'm talking about, like mass incarceration and drone strikes and healthcare, are not exclusive to Trump. Trump did not invent mass incarceration. He did not invent racism or sexism. And while I think things are in danger of getting worse under him, those things were in full effect when Obama was the President. And when every President before him was President!

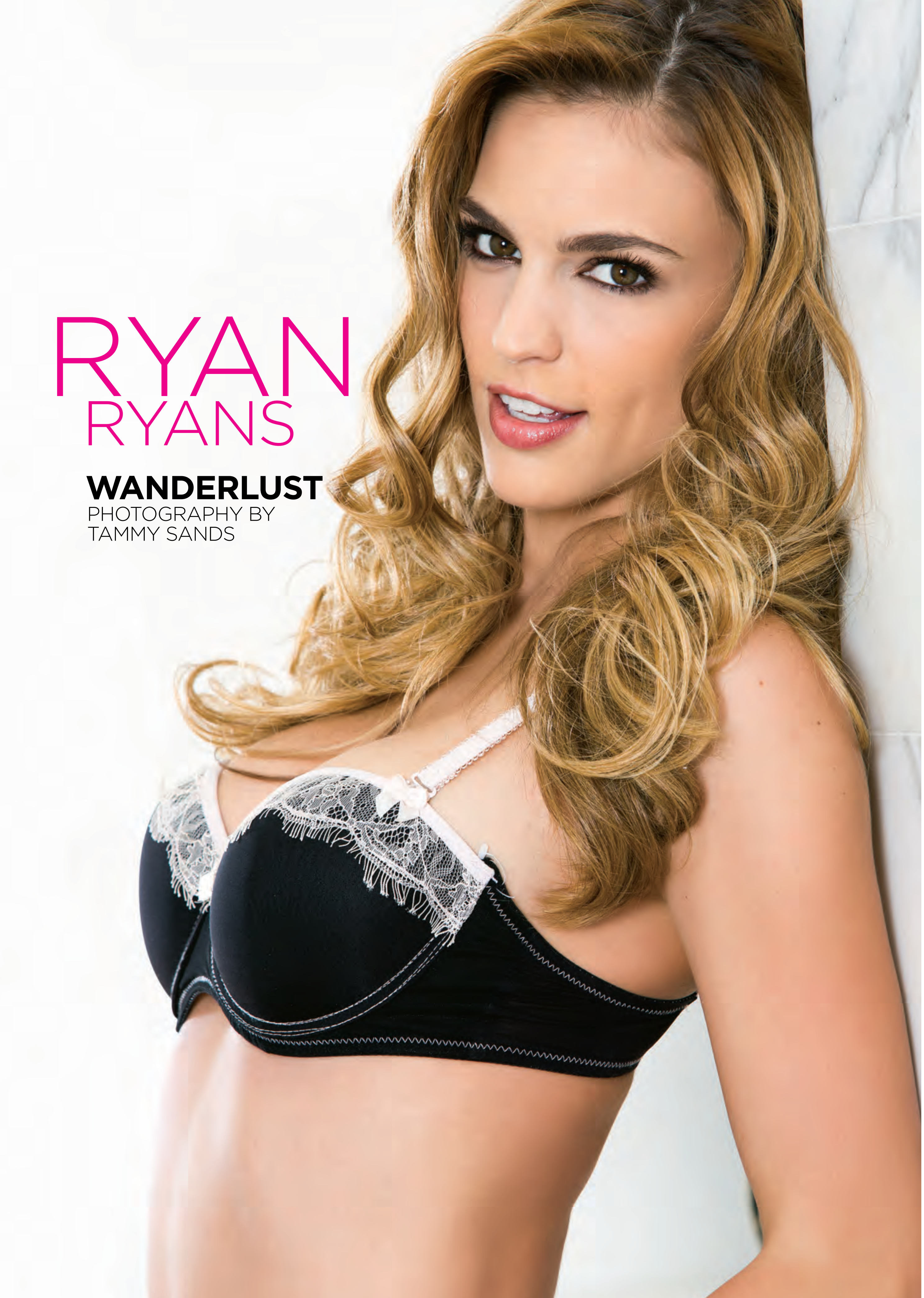
Okay, but how can you seriously call yourself World Champ when you live in a country whose supreme leader is Donald J. Trump? Isn't Trump clearly the real World Champ?
No, no, no. First of all, look at the guy's hats. Look at the poor-quality construction of his hats! I think they make them in China. I make mine myself in New York City. Plus, his hats are red and white. What is he? The President of Canada? Poland? Last time I checked, our country's flag is red, white and blue, and on my special I got on the red, white and blue hat. A lot of times his hats don't even have the flag on them! What? Does he have no pride? I mean, c'mon, man, no way! H

Track down Judah Friedlander on social media @JudahWorldChamp, stream the special America Is the Greatest Country in the United States *on Netflix, and purchase* If the Raindrops United *wherever fine books are sold.*

—TINA FEY
IF THE RAINDROPS UNITED
Drawings and Cartoons by
JUDAH FRIEDLANDER


PUSSY GRABBERS
QUARTERLY
MAKE AMERICA PINK AGAIN

“I didn’t forget our anniversary. I’m having sex, aren’t I?”



RYAN RYANS

WANDERLUST

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TAMMY SANDS

Things you should know about me: I'm a trained fighter, I'm a great baker, and I'm kind. If I weren't a model, I'd be a nurse—I enjoy taking care of people. Oh, and traveling is important to me. I have a serious case of wanderlust, and I am constantly planning trips. My favorite destination? Ireland. The culture and scenery are amazing! Next up is New Zealand.

"So when it comes to my ideal partner, I want someone who's spontaneous and open to change. I like moving wherever if I'm drawn to a place, and I want someone who's all right with that. Of course, I'm also looking for kindness and empathy…and a great ass!

"I masturbate pretty much every day, and I have sex around four times a week. I love flirting, but I don't sleep around. I do, however, fantasize about one-night fucks all the time."

RYAN'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Orlando, Florida** | AGE: **28** | HEIGHT: **5-6** | MEASUREMENTS: **34C-24-34**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy** | TWITTER: **@RyanRyansV2** | INSTAGRAM: **@RyanRyansOfficial**

COMPULSIVE COCKSUCKING

Twenty minutes to twelve. I glanced around me and saw couples tucked into booths; crusty, dusty regulars lined up at the bar; band groupies swaying and gyrating on the dance floor—and tons of schmucks just like me.

Fuck, I was horny. The prospect of pussy was really the only reason I'd gone out this evening. Guess I wasn't alone. The ratio of guys to girls in the club was, like, three to one.

One-fifteen. Forty-five minutes to closing, and I was starting to get desperate. It had been two long months since I'd broken up with Irene, two long months of miserable, self-imposed, pathetic celibacy. Tonight I was finally ready to end it, and so far I hadn't met anyone.

Then I saw her, mixing drinks behind the back bar, setting up shot after shot. She had long honey-blond hair and an angel's smile, delicate shoulders topping curves stacked on top of curves. I imagined her big titties wrapped around my throbber and kind of got lost in her cleavage for a minute. When I looked up, she was staring back at me.

"Last call," she said, but what I heard was, "Fuck me."

With single-minded devotion, I stuck to that bar till closing time, chatting the beauty up and watching her work. And I noticed the *way* she worked, orderly, methodically, lining up her glasses from tall to small, exactly the same amount in every single shot, never a spill. Anyway, I got lucky. By the time the lights came on, she'd agreed to come home with me.

It was in the car that Lacey started describing what she called her obsessive-compulsive disorder, telling me how she always had to do the same thing the same way, her way, over and over till she got it perfect. She said it applied to everything—bartending, exercising—"Even blowjobs," she added with a smile. I pressed down on the gas till I was driving 60 in a 35.

Inside my apartment Lacey immediately took over, dropping to her knees on the living room floor. In seconds my pants and briefs were pooled around my ankles, and she was kissing her way up my leg inch by inch—32 kisses, she told me later—till she reached my ball sac. Her swirling tongue lapped and slapped at my nuts for long minutes. My peckerhead was reaching for my bellybutton by the time she sucked one fat nad into her mouth and gently nursed on it. I closed my eyes as Lacey moved from one jewel to the other, nibbling, lapping, sucking. Soon she had a fist pumping up and down my hard dick and a finger teasing my anus. And still she kept suckling my teabags.

I was going to come soon if she didn't stop. In fact, I was about to nudge her back when I remembered what she had said about needing to do things her way, and I stopped. My patience was rewarded. A minute later her tongue traced a trail up my shaft to dick my piss slit. My eyes opened again to the sight of Lacey gazing up at me as she let long strands of spittle drizzle all over my cock. Fuck.

Slowly, slowly she sucked my crown between her lips and worked her way lower. Stopping every few seconds, her cheeks hollowed with suction. I'd experienced good blowjobs before, but nothing like this. Everything she did seemed calculated to keep me on the edge. As soon as she reached my base, her finger went to work on my asshole again, dipping in and out, just an inch or so, pushing quickly, while her lips moved slowly back up my throbber.

It seemed to take forever, an eternity of bliss, for her blowjob to build enough speed to match the rhythm of her ass-frigging. As soon as they were in sync, she jammed her finger in deep to tickle my prostate, and I was coming. It was the climax of a lifetime, consuming my entire body, my entire being!

Lacey licked my fuckset thoroughly clean before standing up and asking, "So how was that?"

I thought about what she'd said earlier about doing the same thing over and over the same way, her way, till she got it perfect, and I struggled to keep my voice monotone as I answered: "It was…okay."

Immediately she dropped to her knees and started kissing her way from my ankle to my ball sac.

—T.F.
Omaha, Nebraska

IT TAKES A THIEF

Crash! Startled awake by the sound of shattered glass, I began screaming. A huge, meaty hand clamped over my mouth.

The room was too dark to see much—a black wool-cap mask, a bulky coat. I could tell he was big by his burly shoulders and the weight of him on the mattress. A deep, very male voice ordered me to "Shut the fuck up!"

Hold it just one damn second. I knew that voice, didn't it? Matter of fact, wasn't it the same masculine voice that had told me how tight my pussy was the night before?

I'd known Dillon was a bad sort from the second we met. It's what attracted me to him in the first place. He had that James Dean "I don't give a fuck what you think" attitude—jeans, leather jacket, a face that hadn't seen a shave in a week.

He was hustling office bots at our after-work hangout—running the pool table like he was a snooker pro. Suddenly my life seemed a little boring: the nine-to-five grind, the gym, the cat at home. Feeling brave after a few cosmopolitans, I tried to slip him my number on the way to the bathroom. He was bent over the pool table, and I figured I'd just wait till he was done with his shot, slip my card in his back pocket and smile real coylike.

Anyway, that was the plan. Instead, he wheeled around and pinned me to the wall. Pushing his pelvis into mine, he got right in my face—in front of all my coworkers!—and looked me straight in the eye. An eyebrow arched, and he lowered his head to plant a sucking hickey on my neck, just below my earlobe. The man took my breath away.

That same night, last night, we stayed up all night at my apartment. We fucked five times! I'd never known a man—a boy, really—to be so damn exciting. It was like an adrenaline rush, fucking him. His lips, teeth and hands, his beautiful cock—they made me feel completely alive.

And after the sex, I melted like warm butter. That's when we got to talking. But we didn't start with the usual details of our lives, you know, "What do you do?" blah, blah, blah. The conversation began with him asking me to describe my most secret, intimate, dirty fantasy.

Which brings me back to the shattered glass and the hand clamped over my mouth. I strained to see in the dim light. Yes, I was positive—*almost* positive those were Dillon's deep hazel eyes. And the scenario was damn near like I'd detailed last night: a thief breaking in—an incredibly virile, handsome thief—and taking me. The same fantasy I'm sure every woman out there has entertained at least once.

Ropes looped around my wrists and ankles and were tied off to the bedposts. But then the intruder nibbled on my earlobe and licked a trail from my neck to nipple—a move straight from our sex last night. Okay, this was good.

My every nerve ending tingled. I saw a knife glint in the moonlight. Felt the cold steel caress my skin as the lingerie was slowly cut from my body. Then I was bound *and* naked, at his mercy.

Dillon didn't even undress. He just hauled his hard pecker out of his pants and crawled over my body. Starting at my forehead, he rubbed his thick prick cap over my face, down my cheeks. Smoothed his ridge across the hollow of my throat. Pierced his piss slit with each rigid nipple. He even fucked my belly button.

Yeah, I knew it was Dillon, and now that I knew, I could pretend he was a stranger. The thief spread my labes wide and started dicking my clitoris. I'm serious. At one point I swear, my clit shoved into his piss hole. That was my first orgasm.

The second came when he moved his shooter lower. For—I'm guessing—five minutes straight he just rubbed his crown around and around my labia. Apparently the man wanted to hear me beg. So I did, until finally, in one long, smooth lunge, he rammed so deep inside me, I could barely breathe.

I wanted to clamp my legs around his ass cheeks. The ropes wouldn't let me. I was totally helpless and getting fucked, and there was nothing I could do about it. But come. Thank you, Dillon.

—R.M.
Coral Gables, Florida

EIGHTEEN ORGASMS

Lilly's long, slender legs were wrapped around my neck, and I was feasting on her pussy. It was a perfect pink pussy, with smooth, fat cunt flaps and a sensitive love trigger. Slit juice was streaming down my chin. I slid two fingers in alongside my tongue to tickle the girl's G spot, and she was coming again. If my count was correct, that made Orgasm Number 7.

Numbers 8 and 9 followed quickly, one while I was tongue-slapping Lilly's responsive clitty, the other while I was rimming her tiny, virgin asshole. She clutched the sheets during that last orgasm. Her thighs trembled. She screamed. Only nine more climaxes to go.

I was a man on a mission. Lilly turned 18 today. Finally, finally, she was no longer jailbait. I had waited for this day, with no small amount of restraint, ever since the beginning of the semester. I'm 28, an assistant professor at a prestigious university. I remember the exact day Lilly walked into my classroom, a petite little thing with peaches and cream complexion, sky blue eyes and lush red lips. I teach a mandatory freshman English class, which usually translates into boredom. Yet every time Lilly shot up her hand, it was to ask an insightful question. I was smitten.

Oh, I know, it's probably not considered "appropriate" for a teacher to lust after his student. But I was only 28 and really only an assistant professor. So I asked her out for coffee, ostensibly to discuss a term paper. And that's when I discovered that Lilly was 17. She'd skipped a grade somewhere along the way. I figured my career could recover from an ordinary student-teacher affair, but one with a minor? That changed everything.

The spark between us was mutual, however, the connection so intense that we talked and texted practically nonstop. But we didn't have sex till today, her 18th birthday.

For weeks I had been contemplating what I could give Lilly for the big occasion. Then one morning, driving in traffic on the freeway, it hit me. Come the actual day, I called in sick, she skipped classes, and we met at the nicest hotel I could afford. For her 18th birthday, I was determined to gift my brand-new, barely legal lover with 18 orgasms!

Following No. 9, we took a break for chocolate-covered strawberries and champagne. Lilly drizzled bubbly over my fuckset and lapped my balls and shaft clean. I was marble-hard by the time she finished and ready to dick the young girl's twat. You see, she'd had nine pussy-licking, rimming orgasms, but I hadn't come yet—not with Lilly anyway. Determined to last on this special day, I'd jacked off right before I left the house.

I knew Lilly was no virgin. Still I went slow, pushing my crown inside her labes, then stopping. Her cunt was supertight, the pressure awesome! Another inch, and I stopped again. That's when she lost patience. In one motion Lilly rolled me over on the bed so she was straddling my hips and jammed her slit all the way down till my prick was buried in heat. Then she started riding me and rhythmically squeezing her muscles around my prod. It was hardly the awkward fuck I'd expected from an 18-year-old. Soon I was spraying, and Lilly climaxed with me. Her love cream bathed my nuts. Orgasm No. 10.

After hours of lovemaking, we were both starting to fade. I had to think quick if I was going to give her eight more comes. So I made up some Old English tradition about a birthday spanking. Then, sitting on the edge of the bed, I dragged Lilly over my lap. Her buttocks looked delicious, round and firm to the touch. I drew my hand back and brought it down with a resounding *whack!* Lilly whimpered, and the sight of my bright red handprint on her creamy tush got me hard all over again. My boner pressed between her thighs, I kept spanking the girl, and as I picked up speed, my barely legal began bucking her tush up to meet my hand. In the process her thighs jacked my pecker.

Lilly was mewling. My hand was crashing onto her butt. She started coming. Still, I didn't let up, and that's when her climax turned multiple. Her tiny body shook. Twat jizz gushed over her thighs and my cock, and I shot off like a fuckin' volcano.

It took Lilly minutes to return to earth. When she did, she assured me that she had definitely reached Climax No. 18, maybe more. I know it's absurd, but I felt so very, very proud.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

CLOSET VOYEUR

I about fell out of the closet when she started rimming him. She was tonguing my husband's ass crack, licking all over his butt. Then finally she pushed her taster into his rosebud.

I could see everything from where I was jammed between some dresses, peeking out of a two-inch crack at my husband and the beauty he had brought home to our own bed. Sweat glistened on their bodies. I admired the sweet curve of her ass as she pushed it high in the air. Now she was literally dicking Dan's browneye with her tongue. Oh, my God! His starfish was totally wet with her spit. My hubby was clawing at the mattress. And then it was like he suddenly remembered I was watching, and he turned my way and winked.

Dan had done good tonight. The girl was just my type—lithe and slender, with a kind of rock 'n' roll attitude. You see, fact is, I'm the one sending my husband out to pick up women. I am what you call a true voyeur. I live to watch.

It all began two months ago, when we were strolling home from a restaurant one night. Passing through a park, we heard moaning and heavy breathing—the unmistakable sounds of sex. And then we saw them, two teenagers, probably college kids, rolling around half-naked in the grass. I was mesmerized. Dan moved to keep walking down the path, but I tugged on his sleeve. When that didn't work, I grabbed his crotch. He stopped then.

I'm not sure how to explain it, but it was so hot! It felt dirty and sexy and good, watching, spying on lovers. The girl was giving her boyfriend a blowjob. Slowly her mouth moved from base to tip, over and over, till his ass was jumping off the ground. I don't think they could see us. Then again, I don't think they would have cared. They were totally absorbed in her sloppy sucking. And we were totally absorbed watching.

I slipped one hand inside my skirt and started jilling off. Once Dan got over his initial shock, he moved behind me to dry-hump my booty. He slipped cold hands under my top, over my breasts, and scissored my hard nipples. Then he was pawing up my skirt, tugging down his zipper. His prick was barely inside me before I was coming. Watching sex while having sex—it was like sensory overload. I climaxed so hard, I could barely walk the rest of the way home. Seriously, my legs were trembling.

From that night on, I was hooked. It was like I had discovered my real nature, and regular sex just didn't do it for me anymore. It wasn't exciting enough. We tried watching pornos, but it wasn't the same. I craved live action. So I finally mentioned the idea of picking up girls to my husband. Not surprisingly, he was all for it, and we fell into this Saturday night routine.

But this was the best Saturday night yet. The girl was definitely the sexiest—the nastiest of the lot. I could hear her tell my husband how anal she was, and how she'd love to feel his big, fat dick ramming her butt. They skipped straight sex altogether. By the time I had grabbed my favorite vibrator, she was facedown on the mattress, and Dan was tamping his slammer into her shit chute. My man's pretty well-hung, and speaking from experience, well, taking him up the old dirt road ain't so easy. But this girl—Joan, I guess her name was—was shoving her bum all the way back to his groin in seconds. His balls were slapping her labes.

The look on my husband's face was the very definition of bliss. He was moaning nonstop, the way he always does right before he blasts off. I set the vibrator to high and started buzzing my clit. The girl came before either one of us, a quick, thrashing, intense climax. She was screaming, "Come on, baby. Spray your cum all over my butt cheeks, your hot cum—*mmm*." Then it was my turn—my orgasm exploded through my cunt, and I had to bite my wrist to try to keep quiet in that closet.

I guess I wasn't quiet enough, because just as my husband pulled out and began painting her ass globes with jizz, Joan looked straight at me and winked. Slutty exhibitionist.

—L.A.
Nashville, Tennessee

MAYA GRAND

GRANDE DAME

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

I'm originally from Minnesota, and I'm half-Native American. My heritage is important to me, and I'm really into sharing Native American history and fighting for environmental issues. Besides activism, I like working out, cooking and hanging with my pets.

"I watched my fair share of porn before I got into the industry, and when I turned 18, I immediately hustled to get my first scene. On that first day of shooting, I came up with my stage name. I used the old come-up-with-a-porn-name trick. I took the name of my first pet, Maya, and the name of the street I grew up on, Grand. I put those together, and *voila!*

"I was shy and an ugly duckling when I was younger, so I'm sure a lot of people would be surprised that I got into porn. But I give an awesome blowjob. There's lots of spit, suction, eye contact, stroking… then repeat! If I could only do one move for the rest of my porn career, it would be BJ scenes."

Come out
and play.

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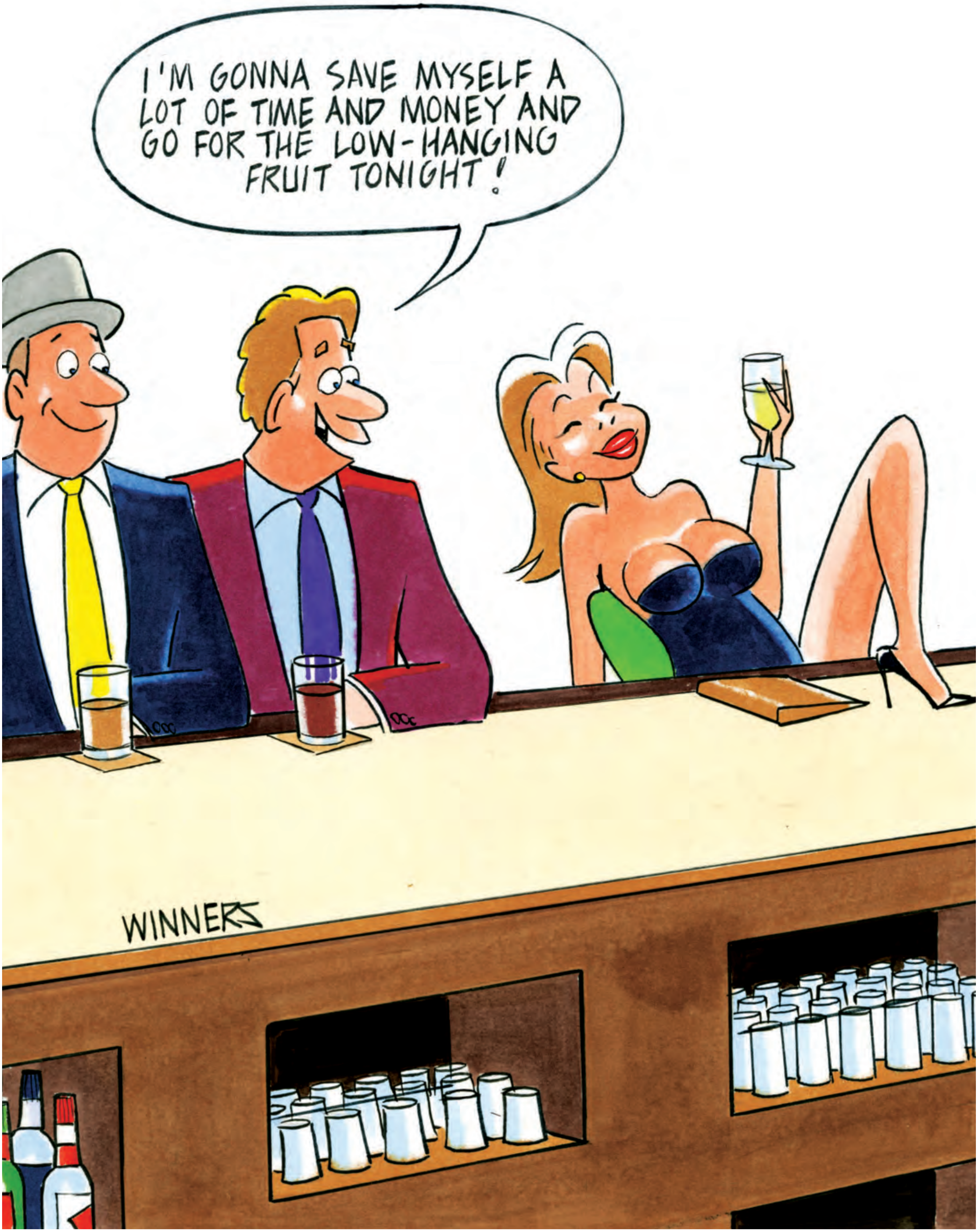

I'M GONNA SAVE MYSELF A LOT OF TIME AND MONEY AND GO FOR THE LOW-HANGING FRUIT TONIGHT!
WINNERS

LITTLE CAPRICE

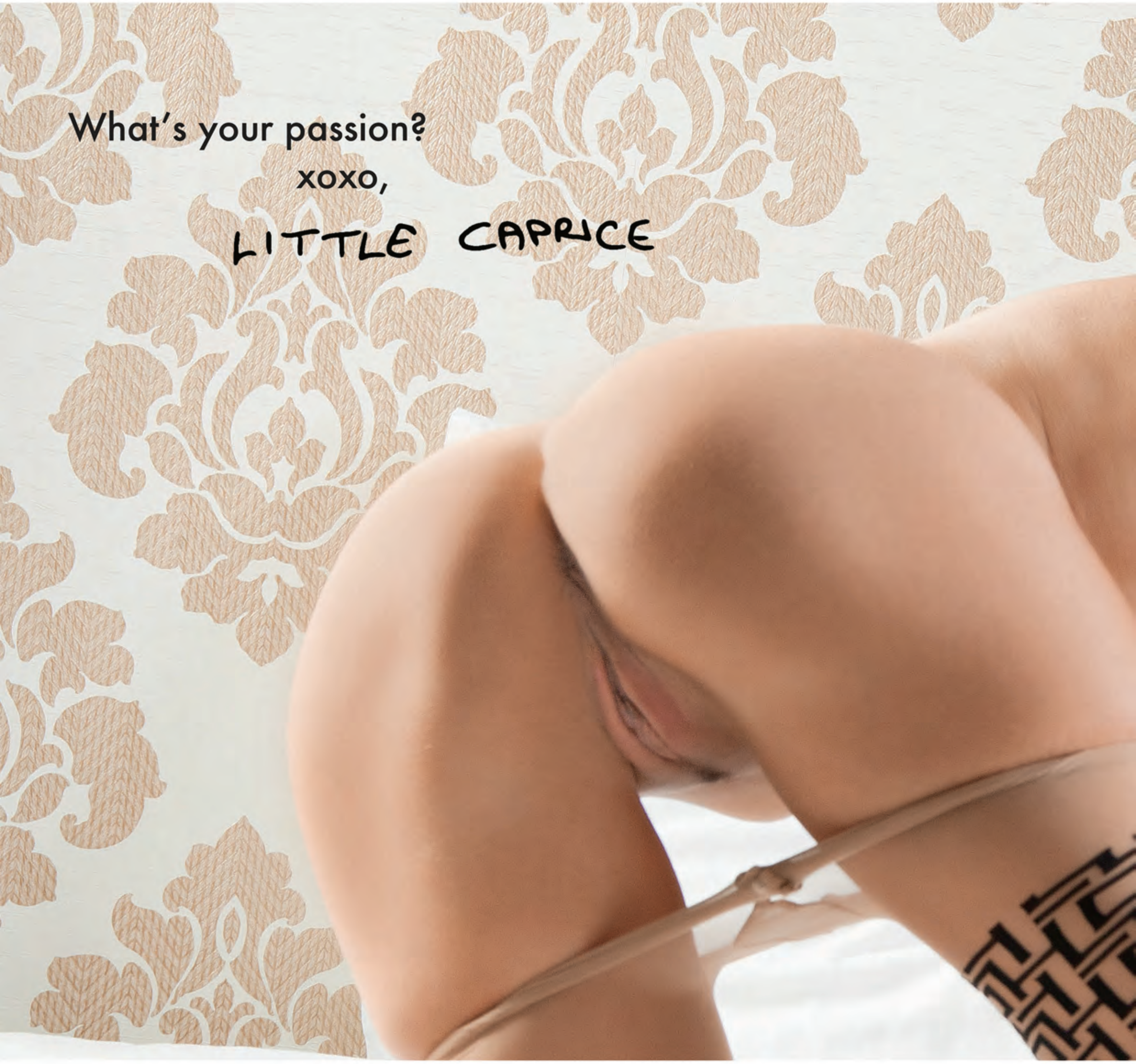
SHEER PASSION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DAVIDE ESPOSITO

I like men and women and sometimes men and women together! It's nice to have choices. Some days you just want a man to fuck you hard, and other days you want a woman to lick your pussy for hours. As long as there's passion, I'm satisfied.

"I studied to be a nutritionist, and after college I worked in the food industry, but the pay was too low. So I decided to embark on a new career in porn and erotica. Now I own my own website, I have control over my work, and I'm thankful for my career choice.

"I love to be in front of the camera—it's thrilling to show people different sides of me. When I'm not modeling, I cook, read books and swing. Sex is something that should be cherished, and I like being with lovers who are very open-minded."



What's your passion?

xoxo,

LITTLE CAPRICE

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CAPRICE'S VITAL FACTS

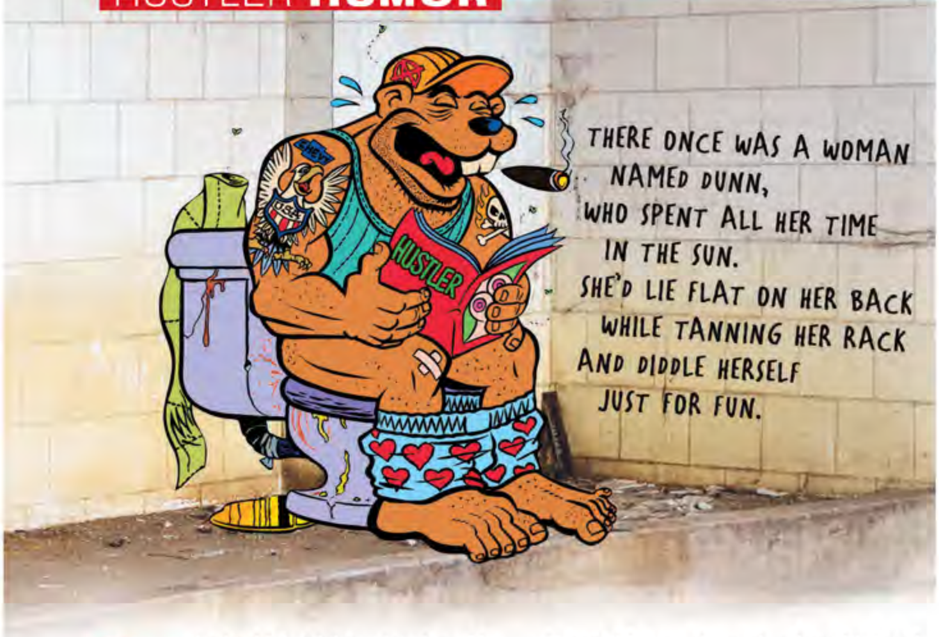
HOMETOWN: **Brno, Czech Republic**

AGE: **29** | HEIGHT: **5-3**

MEASUREMENTS: **32B-25-34**

FAVORITE POSITION: **On top**

TWITTER: **@LittleCapriceTM**


HUSTLER
THERE ONCE WAS A WOMAN
NAMED DUNN,
WHO SPENT ALL HER TIME
IN THE SUN.
SHE'D LIE FLAT ON HER BACK
WHILE TANNING HER RACK
AND DIDDLE HERSELF
JUST FOR FUN.

The junior-high biology teacher, Ms. Oglethorpe, asked Jessica, "What part of the human body increases to ten times its normal size when excited?"

Jessica exclaimed, "That's disgusting! I don't have to answer that question!"

So Ms. Oglethorpe asked Johnny the same question, and he responded, "That's easy—the pupil of the eye."

"That's correct," the teacher announced. "Very good, Johnny."

Turning to Jessica, Ms. Oglethorpe snarled, "I've got three things to say to you, young lady: First, you don't do your homework. Second, you have a dirty mind. And third, you're in for a *big* disappointment!"

After Tony died and was judged, God told him he couldn't go to heaven right away because he had sinned. "What did I do wrong?" Tony wondered.

"You cheated on your taxes," God replied. "To get into heaven, you will have to sleep with a 400-pound, butt-ugly woman for five years. Meet Denice."

Deciding this was a small price to pay for an eternity in paradise, Tony wandered off with his enormous mate. As they were walking, he spotted his friend Carlos, who was with a woman even bigger and uglier than Denice. Tony approached him and asked, "What's going on?"

"I cheated on my taxes and scammed the government out of money for decades," Carlos explained.

The men decided to hang out together. As Tony, Carlos and their massive mates were walking along, the guys spotted their friend Jon. To their surprise, he was with a drop-dead-gorgeous supermodel type. Tony and Carlos scooted up to him, and Tony asked, "How did you rate such a beautiful goddess while Carlos and I got stuck with these butt-ugly tubbies?"

"It's kinda puzzling," Jon replied. "This is the most awesome part of my life, even though I'm dead. I'm getting five years of the best sex any man could wish for. And one thing's really confusing. Every time we get done screwing, my girl rolls over and yells, 'Fucking taxes!'"

Brenda farted while bending over to look at a diamond ring in a jewelry store. Embarrassed, she glanced around and saw a salesman standing behind her. "How may I help you?" he asked.

Hoping he hadn't heard her "accident," Brenda gasped, "How much is this lovely ring?"

"Ma'am, if you farted just looking at it," the salesman huffed, "you're going to shit when I tell you the price!"

Question: What do you call a masturbating cow?

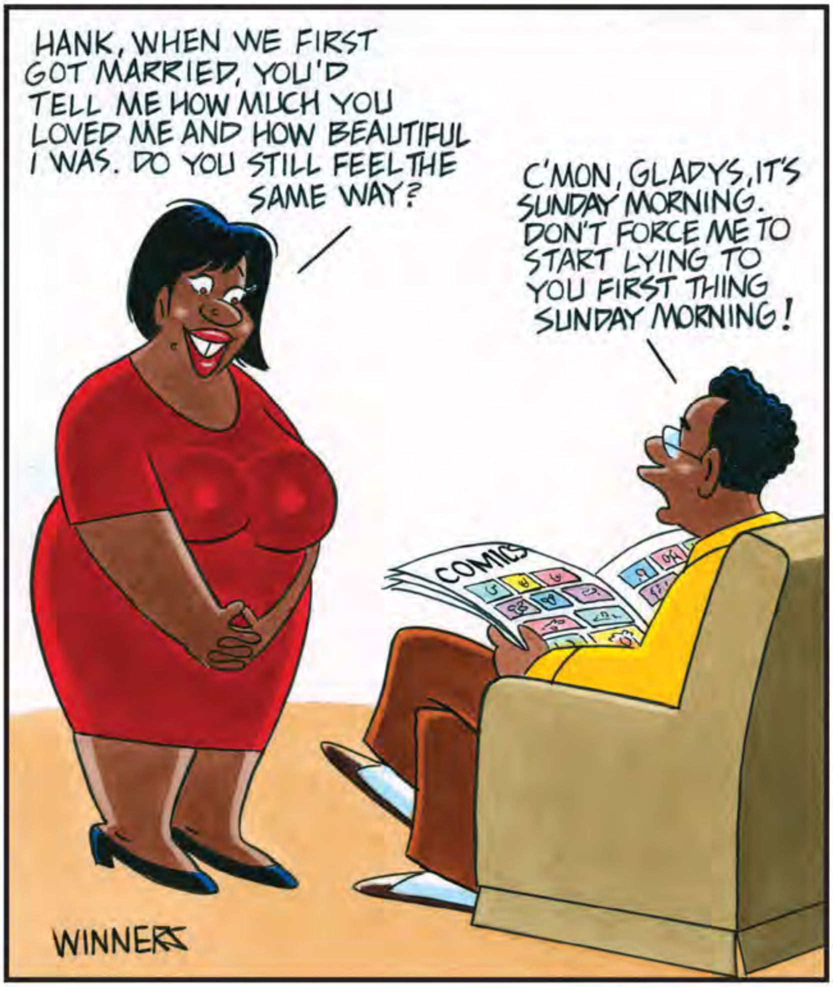
Answer: Beef strokenoff.

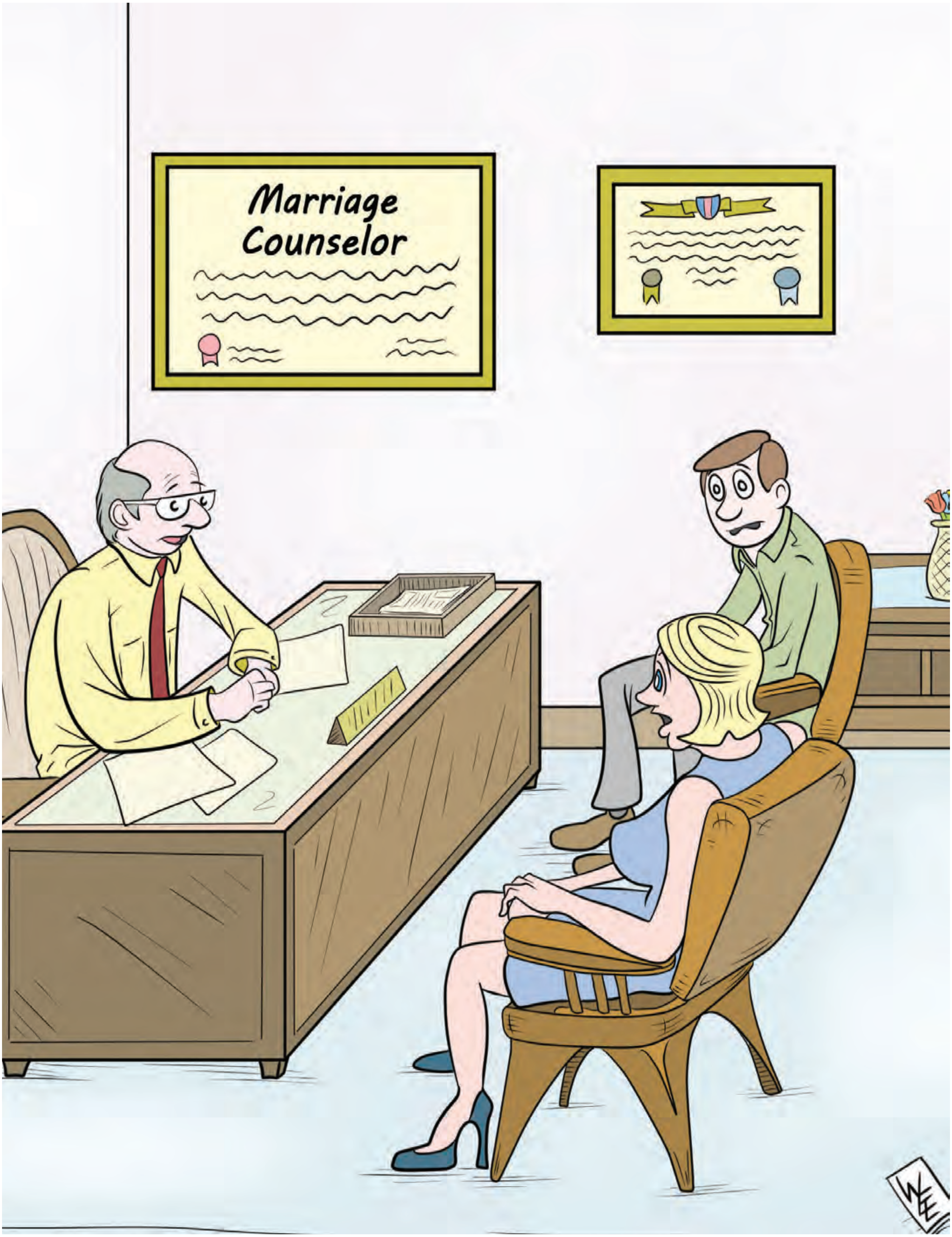
A twentysomething named Alicia went to her gynecologist. "What seems to be the problem?" he inquired.

"Something is terribly wrong," Alicia replied. "I keep finding postage stamps from Costa Rica in my vagina."

The gyno took a peek, chuckled and said, "Those aren't postage stamps, my dear. They're the stickers on bananas."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, send it to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!


HANK, WHEN WE FIRST GOT MARRIED, YOU'D TELL ME HOW MUCH YOU LOVED ME AND HOW BEAUTIFUL I WAS. DO YOU STILL FEEL THE SAME WAY?
C'MON, GLADYS, IT'S SUNDAY MORNING. DON'T FORCE ME TO START LYING TO YOU FIRST THING SUNDAY MORNING!
COMICS
WINNERS


Marriage Counselor

"In my professional opinion, a relationship is like a fart.
If you have to force it, it's probably shit."

BLACK MAGIC & MURDER

THE UNDERBELLY OF CRIME

ARTICLE BY COLIN McCRACKEN
ILLUSTRATIONS BY LORD SPEW

News stories that sound like horror movies. Dismembered corpses and desecrated graves, children sold off for ritual and the ghastly reality of human sacrifice. There are few mysteries left in the 21st century. The occult is one of them. Black magic and evil forces still have the power to terrify, control and in some cases kill.

Black magic is one of the last great unknowns in a world that claims to have found an answer to everything, and we're afforded a glimpse into this shadowy realm only when something unspeakable happens. With the dark arts comes power, and with power comes greed, so it's no surprise that black magic practices are a favorite of criminals.

Discover how Mexican drug cartels invoked ancient sacrificial rites to ensure their immortality. Witness African prostitution rings using voodoo to enslave young women in tourist traps. Recoil in horror at a Pakistani religious leader who tortured and murdered his adoring followers. And despair at the abhorrence of child sacrifice in modern-day London!

This is the story of when magic meets crime.

WORLD OF WITCHCRAFT

In America the practice of witchcraft exists in a type of purgatory. While the First Amendment allows citizens to worship in any way they desire, if there are exploitative, damaging or fraudulent factors, that worship can cross the line into crime. For example, fortune-tellers and palm readers might find themselves taken up on fraud charges, as opposed to anti-superstition laws. Not exactly the Witchfinder General of Puritan times. In fact, the witch trials of Salem took place almost 80 years before the establishment of America as we know it, and those prosecutions were made under British doctrine.

Any specific laws relating to the practice of witchcraft in modern-day USA are made at the discretion of the state. The U.S. District Court of Virginia acknowledged witchcraft as “a valid and legitimate religion” in the 1980s, but as a whole the U.S. doesn’t give the occult much credence. Other countries take it a lot more seriously.

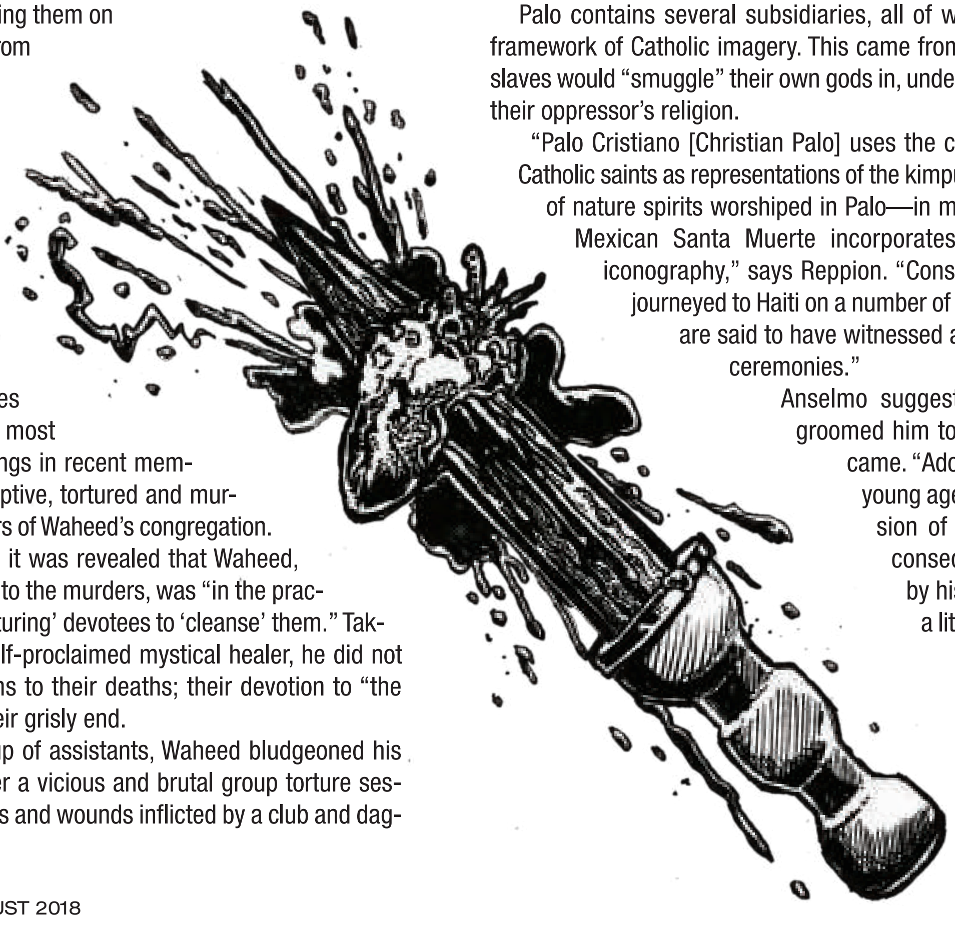
In 2013 Swaziland implemented regulations on how high a witch can fly a broomstick. In 2011 Romania extended their taxation system to include witches, fortune-tellers and astrologers. Saudi Arabia even has an Anti-Witchcraft Unit that is used to “educate the public about the evils of sorcery, investigate alleged witches, neutralize their cursed paraphernalia, and disarm their spells,” *The Atlantic* reports.

India has its own share of problems combatting witchcraft. So much so that in 2013 the state of Maharashtra passed an anti-superstition act. It did little, however, to quell the darker facets of black magic practiced throughout the country. In April 2017 a man in Odisha sacrificed a six-year-old girl to the Goddess Kali, slicing her wrists open and draining her body of blood in a ritualistic offering. That same month a couple in their 50s were lynched and set ablaze under accusations of sorcery. A group of approximately 30 villagers savagely tortured and beat the couple and their children before tying them up and setting them on fire. Both parents died from their injuries.

India’s neighbor to the west, Pakistan, has also proven to be vulnerable to the allure of the dark arts. In 2017, at a Sufi shrine in Sargodha, the 50-year-old custodian, Abdul Waheed, and four accomplices committed one of the most horrific ritualistic slayings in recent memory when they held captive, tortured and murdered 20 loyal members of Waheed’s congregation.

In a report from AP, it was revealed that Waheed, who openly confessed to the murders, was “in the practice of ‘beating and torturing’ devotees to ‘cleanse’ them.” Taking on the role of a self-proclaimed mystical healer, he did not need to lure his victims to their deaths; their devotion to “the power” led them to their grisly end.

With his small group of assistants, Waheed bludgeoned his followers to death after a vicious and brutal group torture session. “There are bruises and wounds inflicted by a club and dagger on the bodies of victims,” Pervaiz Haider, a doctor in a Sargodha hospital, told Reuters.



THE DEVIL OF THE CARTELS

Federales were completely unprepared for the horrors they found at a Mexican ranch in April 1989. Over a dozen mutilated corpses were buried in shallow graves inside a decrepit corral. Close by they discovered a shack with an altar, blood-stained machete, large oil drum and a charred human brain, among other horrors. The victims were ritually sacrificed by a cult led by Adolfo de Jesus Constanzo, aka El Padrino: male model, mass murderer, cannibal, rapist and demigod to one of the most dangerous gangs in all of Mexico, known as Los Narcosatanicos—The Narcosatanists—in the press.

Sodomy, kidnapping, castration and death were among the ghastly occurrences at Rancho Santa Elena, just south of the Texas border. Once locked inside, no one escaped.

HUSTLER drafted in two experts on the Constanzo case: Pantera frontman and producer Philip H. Anselmo and English occultist and author John Reppion.

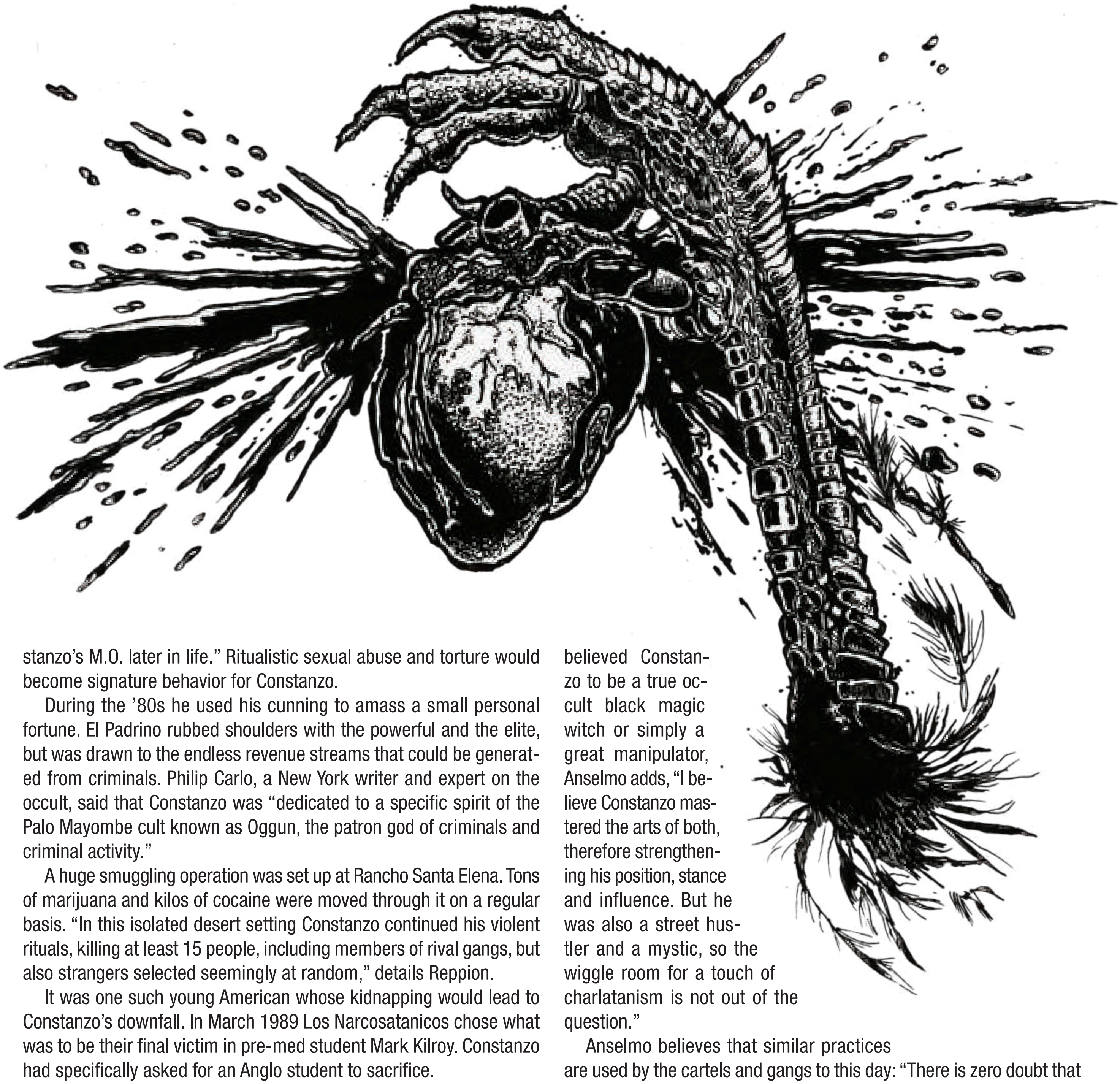
“You always hear about Charles Manson, Jim Jones and David Koresh, but almost never Constanzo and his loathsome crew,” explains Anselmo. “What Constanzo and his indoctrinated cohorts did make the Manson family’s exploits look like a misfortunate accident.”

Born in Miami, Florida, in 1962 to a 15-year-old Cuban immigrant, Adolfo de Jesus Constanzo grew up in a world where black magic was a daily reality. His father died young, and afterward his family moved to San Juan, Puerto Rico. On the surface Constanzo appeared to be a regular, if slightly troubled child that even attended the local Catholic church. This altar boy act was simply a ruse, however, disguising the true faith of his household, that of the Cuban/Congolese Palo religion.

Palo contains several subsidiaries, all of which work within the framework of Catholic imagery. This came from a time when African slaves would “smuggle” their own gods in, under the guise of adapting their oppressor’s religion.

“Palo Cristiano [Christian Palo] uses the crucifix and images of Catholic saints as representations of the kimpungulu—the pantheon of nature spirits worshiped in Palo—in much the same way as Mexican Santa Muerte incorporates Catholic ideas and iconography,” says Reppion. “Constanzo and his mother journeyed to Haiti on a number of occasions, where they are said to have witnessed and took part in Vodou ceremonies.”

Anselmo suggests his mother, Delia, groomed him to be the sadist he became. “Adolfo was mentored at a young age in this sickening version of Palo [Mayombe] and consequently ritually raped by his godfather/padrino in a little shack, exactly Con-



stanzo's M.O. later in life." Ritualistic sexual abuse and torture would become signature behavior for Constanzo.

During the '80s he used his cunning to amass a small personal fortune. El Padrino rubbed shoulders with the powerful and the elite, but was drawn to the endless revenue streams that could be generated from criminals. Philip Carlo, a New York writer and expert on the occult, said that Constanzo was "dedicated to a specific spirit of the Palo Mayombe cult known as Oggun, the patron god of criminals and criminal activity."

A huge smuggling operation was set up at Rancho Santa Elena. Tons of marijuana and kilos of cocaine were moved through it on a regular basis. "In this isolated desert setting Constanzo continued his violent rituals, killing at least 15 people, including members of rival gangs, but also strangers selected seemingly at random," details Reppion.

It was one such young American whose kidnapping would lead to Constanzo's downfall. In March 1989 Los Narcosatanicos chose what was to be their final victim in pre-med student Mark Kilroy. Constanzo had specifically asked for an Anglo student to sacrifice.

"Kilroy was visiting Mexico in spring break, and his disappearance sparked an investigation that led to the arrest of various members of the gang and the discovery of Kilroy's body, along with 14 others," Reppion tells us. "Kilroy's brain was discovered in Constanzo's *nganga* [a ritual cauldron filled with coagulated blood, sticks, human and animal remains] alongside the corpse of a black cat. Constanzo fled to Mexico City before he could be arrested, where, following a machine gun battle, he died at the hands of one of his own men, whom he ordered to execute him rather than be taken by the authorities."

There is no denying that Constanzo was a monster, but was he a genuine magician? "It becomes very difficult to tell where the black magic ends and the normal criminality begins in a case like this. Cause and effect become mixed up," says Reppion. When asked whether he believed Constanzo to be a true occult black magic witch or simply a great manipulator, Anselmo adds, "I believe Constanzo mastered the arts of both, therefore strengthening his position, stance and influence. But he was also a street hustler and a mystic, so the wiggle room for a touch of charlatanism is not out of the question."

Anselmo believes that similar practices are used by the cartels and gangs to this day: "There is zero doubt that even petty criminals in the United States and Mexico give blood sacrifices to move drugs, sell them or whatever illegal wants or needs are called for. In fact, there are cases of rituals where city officials, cops and police chiefs are named and marked specifically."

MEDITERRANEAN VOODOO HOOKERS

The entertainment district of Palma, Majorca, is littered with gay, topless or table-dancing clubs, swingers' bars and strip joints. It's a booze-fueled, good-time emporium for the sexually charged tourists who flock there by the millions every year. When liquor pours freely, inhibitions drop, and it's not uncommon for patrons of the many drinking establishments to seek >>

LORD SPEW

out the services of the local prostitutes. But like every john looking for a trick, they never know what the real story behind the fantasy might be. Human trafficking, coercion and prostitution can, unfortunately, become synonymous when the sex trade is left unregulated.

Prior to 2015 a spate of robberies had plagued the area, with johns getting stung for cash, laptops, phones and jewelry, often under threat. The girls, who predominantly hailed from Nigeria and North Africa, coaxed their victims into backstreets by offering sexual favors and then robbed them.

That year the local police began clamping down on the increasing number of reported robberies. When they investigated further, they discovered the otherworldly horror that had enslaved the young women and that black magic had been employed by their captors. Members of a criminal gang had used spells and rituals on the families of the girls, and the families had offered up their full cooperation as a result. The girls were then held captive and trafficked from their homeland to Majorca.

On New Year's Eve 2016, police in the Costa Blanca, on the southeast coast of Spain, released another group of prostitutes who had been trapped by a similar voodoo gang. *Euro Weekly* reported, "The women were taken to the Costa Blanca under the false promise of decent work, but found themselves trapped and forced to take part in horrific voodoo rituals. They were held hostage by gangmasters, who sold their bodies at clubs around Alicante and Murcia. In one example, detectives found the women had been compelled to eat raw hearts torn from live chickens."

The Costa Blanca case contained a worrying array of details that came to light during the investigation. Nigerian gangsters, Libyan smugglers and the Italian mafia had all colluded in what turned out to be a highly orchestrated operation.

TORSO IN THE THAMES

A hacked-up child is something that no one should ever have to see, but that is exactly what one unfortunate soul discovered in 2001. A tiny, dismembered body floated in the fetid water of a London river. The arms, legs and head of the young African boy were all missing. The horrific murder was soon revealed to be underwritten by black magic.

A full-scale investigation was launched, and an autopsy revealed that the boy had been poisoned and his throat cut. His head and limbs were then removed in what Reppion, who covered the case in detail, refers to as "a horrifically precise and clinical manner."

"Examination of the child's stomach and bones established that he'd only been in the U.K. for a few days prior to his murder. He likely came from a region of southwestern Nigeria, near Benin City, known as the birthplace of voodoo," relates Reppion. "This led investigators to suspect the child had been trafficked to Britain specifically for the purpose of being ritually butchered by a witch doctor to create *muti*—supposedly medicinal magical objects." Despite some seemingly promising leads throughout the years, neither the boy nor his murderers were ever identified.

Reppion adds that because child trafficking, and people trafficking in general, is a lucrative criminal business, those who are smuggled across borders, even into supposedly civilized counties like England or America, may still find themselves "homeless, helpless slaves, nonpersons to be used and abused as their captors see fit and then disposed of like nothing more than unwanted leftover parts. Again, where does the crime end and the black magic begin?"

"White magic is 'the right-hand path' intended to increase health, love and prosperity. Black magic is 'the left-hand path' whose aim is to decrease the same," he explains. "The potentially criminal connection is right there: black magic is about taking things that do not belong to you for selfish reasons. White magic is bound by moral and spiritual guidelines which its practitioners adhere to, while black magic is accomplished through transgression, breaking those rules. White magic is lawful, black magic lawless."

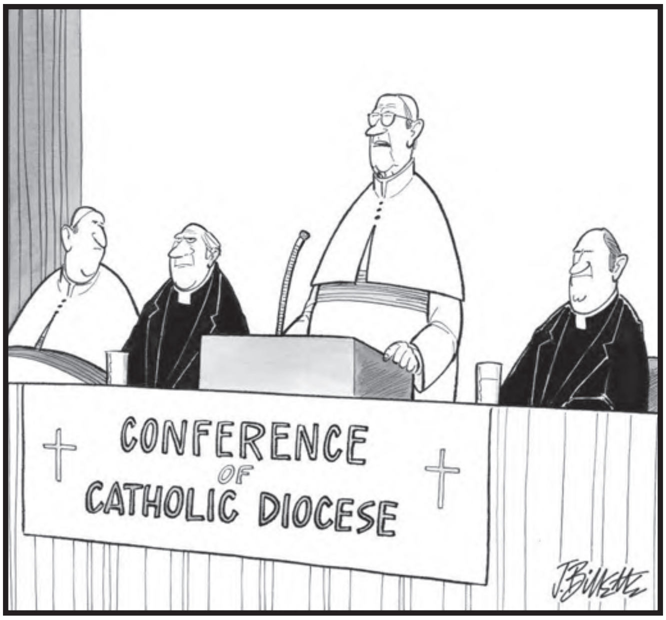
"What's deemed good or bad magic could easily be flipped," notes Anselmo. "Western culture tends to view white magic as positive and black magic as negative. This is complex, because whether white or black, one must adhere to standard warnings—there is always a price to pay."

CLOSING CEREMONY

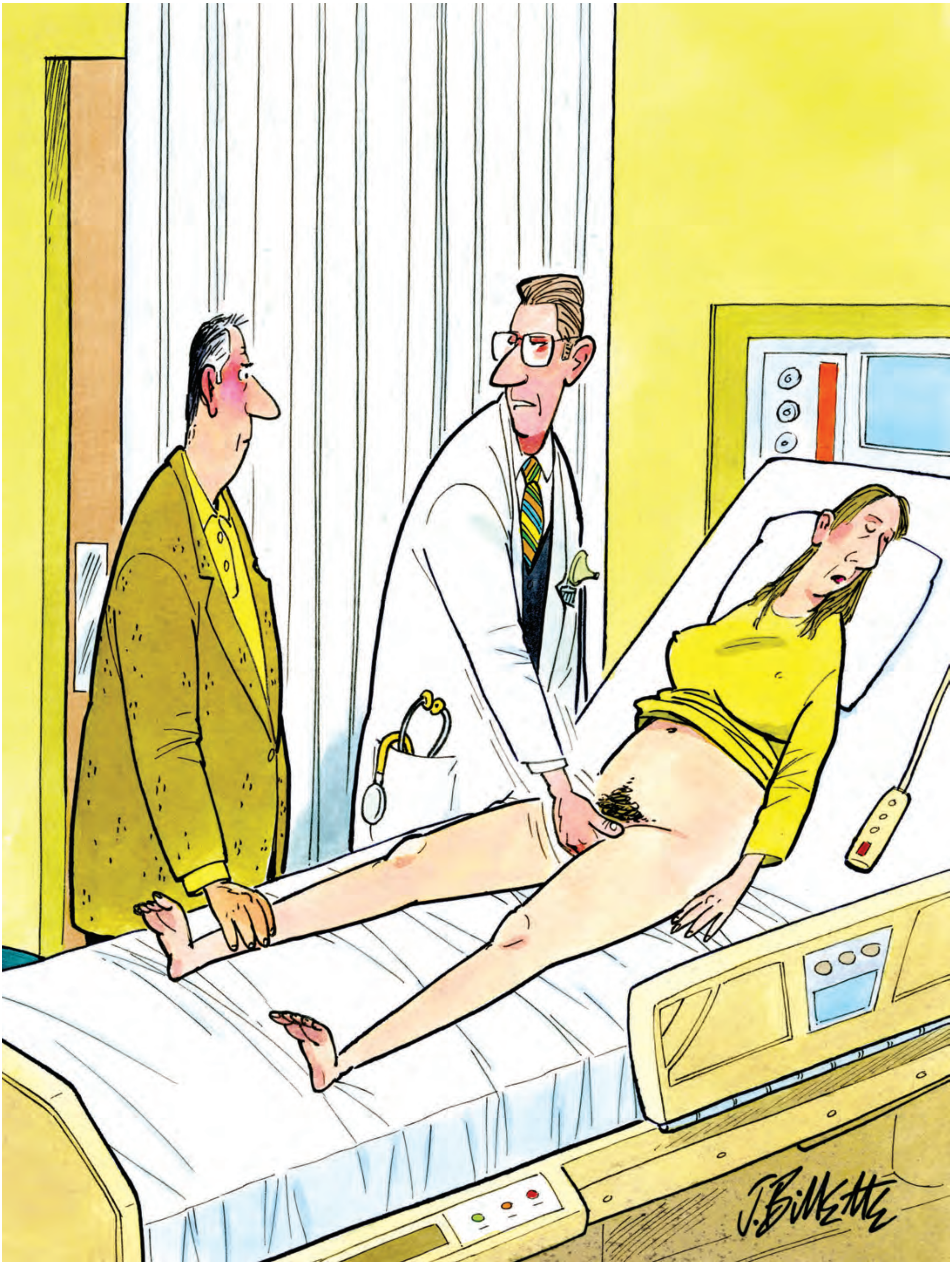
So should we actually be scared of black magic?

Anselmo maintains that on a logical level he'd say absolutely not, but that true believers of any kind can be dangerous. "It's the belief system that makes an individual kill 'in the name of' that's truly horrific, no matter what belief that may be."

Reppion's thoughts echo this view. "Belief is a powerful thing," he says. "People recovering from an illness stand a better chance if they believe that they will. You might call this white magic. Terrorists killing people indiscriminately with the aim of spreading fear, making people suspicious, neurotic, divided and hateful of others—you might call this black magic. Belief in black magic may make people fearful. It may make them feel more powerful. It may lead them to do things they may not have done otherwise or act as a further justification for things they were going to do anyway. In asking if we should be afraid of black magic, we're really asking if we should be afraid of humans, of ourselves, and the answer to that is yes."



"We must be honest—homosexuality remains a major challenge. How can we continue to ravage those lovely young boys without them ratting us out?"



“Mr. Nordling, your wife has fallen into a coma. You see—completely unresponsive.”

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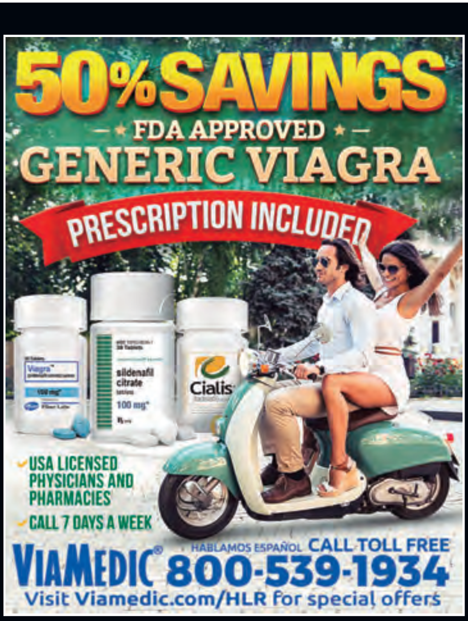
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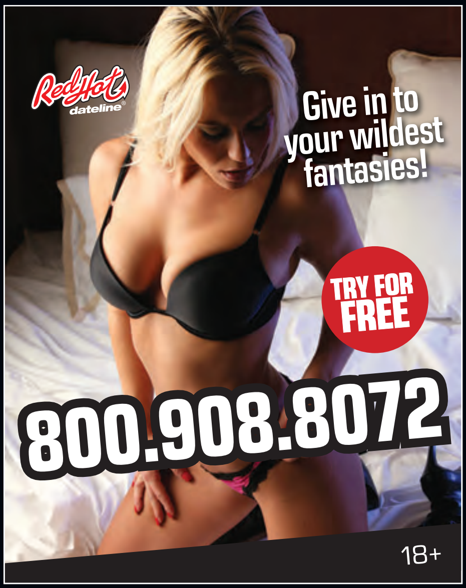

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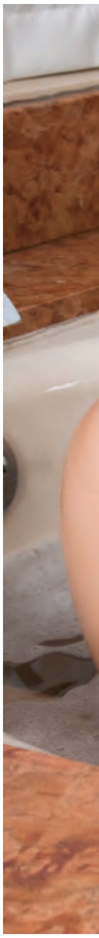
MY FIRST ASIAN LESBIAN

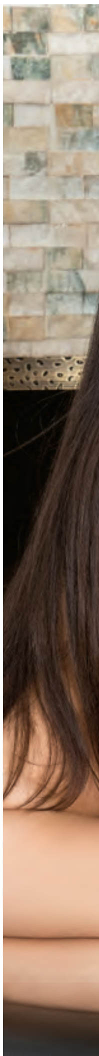
HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: ANTON SLAYER. STARRING: EMBER SNOW, MIA LI, AYUMI ANIME, BRENNA SPARKS, KATANA, JADE LUV, CINDY STARFALL & JADE KUSH.

The great sage Mick Jagger once noted, “Chinese girls are so gentle, they’re really such a tease. You never know quite what they’re cookin’ inside those silky sleeves.” There’s gratifyingly little tease involved in *My First Asian Lesbian*, which pulls open the silky sleeves of numerous sexpots to deliver a perv’s-eye view of exactly what’s cooking. Ember Snow is a tawny-skinned temptress who’s as cute as the day is long. Nonetheless, she finds herself dumped by her boyfriend. Enter gal pal Mia Li, who offers to lick Snow’s wounds for her, especially the gash between her legs. Li tosses her friend around like a rag doll as she nuzzles those perfect teardrop tatas. Snow squeals with genuine excitement as Li laps at her trigger and then sucks it with vacuum force. High-maintenance gym rat Ayumi Anime rousts her hungover bestie Brenna Sparks for a workout. Sparks plays the ditzy, helium-voiced Valley girl to Anime’s controlled seductress—a yin-yang combination that yields a dynamic rut session. Eventually the student becomes the master, with Sparks applying an industrial-grade vibrator to Anime’s pearl harbor. Cindy Starfall and Jade Kush pair up for a scene that won’t win any acting awards, but will prompt the viewer’s cock to stand up and gush with sticky praise. Like a fine Chinese dinner, *My First Asian Lesbian* will leave you hungry for more. To order, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **Hustler-Store.com**.

—Pico D. Ribibi

BRENNA SPARKS & AYUMI ANIME





CINDY STARFALL & JADE KUSH

KATANA &
JADE LUV

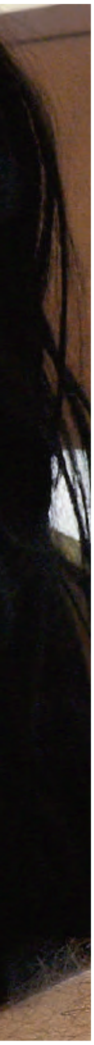
MIA LI & EMBER SNOW

RAW 32

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** MANUEL FERRARA. **STARRING:** ANGELA WHITE, GINA VALENTINA, KARLEE GREY, JILL KASSIDY & MANUEL FERRARA.

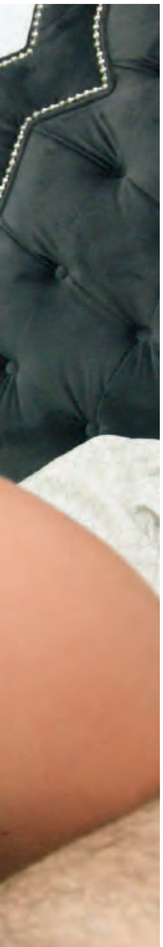
Can there be too much of a good thing? For Manuel Ferrara, who merrily plows his prick through a parade of pussy, slaps a director's credit on the results and collects a paycheck, probably not. The weary jerkoff faced with the two-disc *Raw 32*, however, might find himself grappling with excess. With a mere four scenes spread across two DVDs, it seems the only thing left on the cutting-room floor was Ferrara's jizz as he rubbed one out while enjoying his own carnal exploits. Now that the quantity aspect has been addressed, how's the quality? From a poon perspective, not bad at all. Ferrara does not generally dip his anteater's snout of an uncut prick into just any old puss. Exotic brunette Gina Valentina is bright-eyed, bushy-tailed and eager. They share an obvious chemistry, but the viewer, watching through the vantage point of a distant, single-mounted camera, might as well be perusing convenience-store security footage. Ferrara eventually seizes the camera and provides some POV footage, but as a result the camerawork is erratic, when the only jerking motion should be occurring in the viewer's lap. It's like being invited to a friend's house for dinner, then being charged for watching his vacation videos. On top of it all, two of the four scenes are filmed in the same setting. Had Ferrara sprung for a cameraman and another location, *Raw 32* might be more than half-baked. But asking viewers to pony up for two slipshod discs is like asking *Hamilton* prices for a school play. **—P.D.R.**

ANGELA WHITE



GINA VALENTINA

JILL KASSIDY



KARLEE GREY

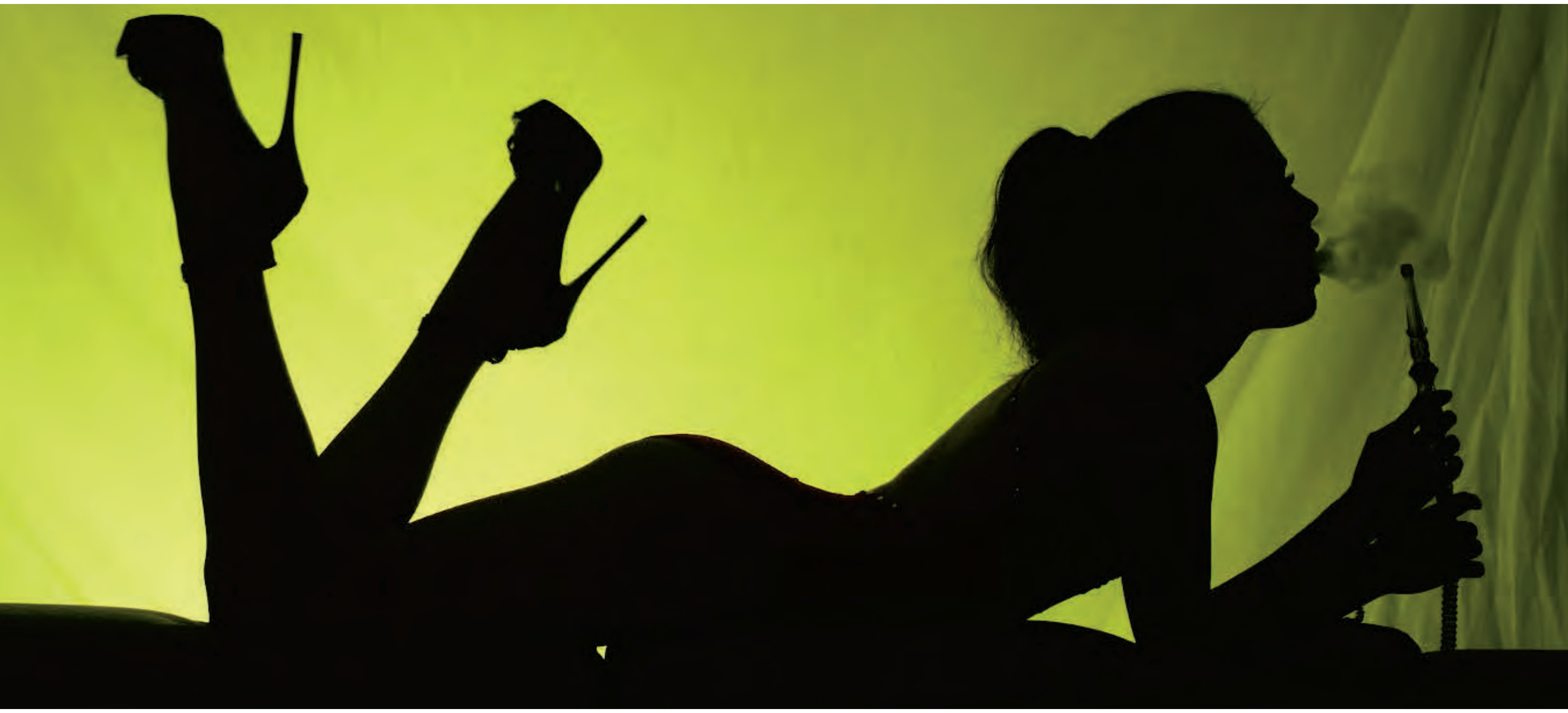
ABIGAIL MAC

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

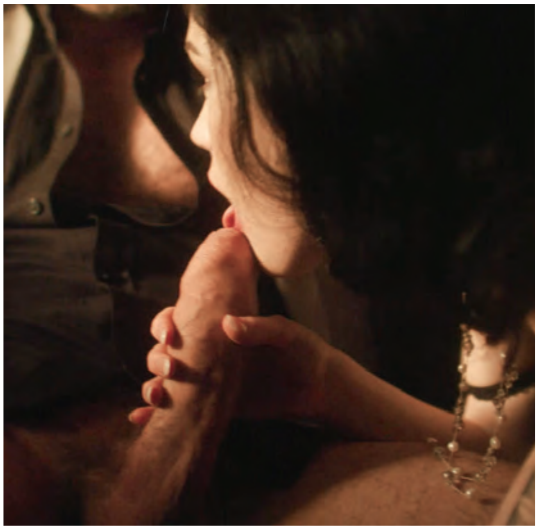
TRENCHCOATX. DIRECTOR: KAYDEN KROSS. STARRING: JESSE, KAYDEN KROSS, RILEY, EVELYN CLAIRE, ABIGAIL MAC, NICOLE ANISTON, MANUEL FERRARA, BAMBINO & STALLION STRONG.

The Female of the Species is an odd breed indeed. Loaded with stylish production values, this Kayden Kross-directed effort splits the difference between would-be Super Bowl commercial and standard fuck flick, with boner-confusing left turns tossed in for puzzling measure. The video kicks off with various views of the Los Angeles cityscape as a brother drags a weathered brunette home. Lighting and camera tricks abound as the lens reveals that the brunette is packing a piece. The viewer wonders, *Is this a crime drama with tits?* Apparently not, as the gun is rapidly set aside along with the brunette's panties. The scene does the job: The guy's prick extends like a third arm from his groin, and as she bounces on his dusky pole, it looks like her pussy is swallowing a pogo stick. The next scene features yet another abandoned potential plot, as champagne-sipping sexpot Nicole Aniston, her lips inflated like a life raft, meets with some dude to sign estate papers. Why we don't learn. Aniston shoos away the trust administrator to hoover on a man servant's prong with her overblown mouth. Again, a perfectly serviceable scene, but why bother with the plot setup if it's just going to be flushed like used ass-wipe? Things conclude with a weird tack-on scene that's introduced in vaudevillian fashion and presented in a surreal manner that's like a cross between *The Bachelor* and Frank Zappa's *200 Motels*. If it wants to drive your climax home, *The Female of the Species* should pick a lane and stay in it. **—P.D.R**

NICOLE ANISTON



EVELYN CLAIRE



RILEY, JESSE & KAYDEN KROSS

KATE
ENGLAND

CRAZY GOOD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
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You'll usually find me in a dress or a bikini. And when it comes to swimwear, the tinier the better. I'm that blonde on the beach showing a ton of underboob!

"When I'm not modeling or shooting porn, I'm playing volleyball, kayaking, spending time with my friends or cuddling with my two little Chihuahuas. Right now I live in Florida, and being active and in the sun are my favorite pastimes…well, besides sex!

"Since I lost my virginity, I've been promiscuous. I grew up in a small town, and people knew I was down to fuck. Before I got into porn, I was probably with about 50 guys and way more girls than that. I just love sex. What can I say? I'm crazy about it! I like to start things out with gentle foreplay and end things rough and raw."

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CUMJEANSXXX - I love being private with you. your my favorite!

CUMJEANSXXX - I think of you all the time

ANALPRINCESS - I think of you too

CUMJEANSXXX - you have dildo? strap that piece on and bang that tight ass of yours

ANALPRINCESS - only for you you stud. is your dick out in your hand?

CUMJEANSXXX - yes honey! i'm in it to win it. I cajn't wait to see the inside of your ass

ANALPRINCESS - I only wish you were here to put your cock in my tight ass!

ANALPRINCESS - first I would spit on it and rub your cock all over my vagina before sitting it in my ass!

CUMJEANSXXX - crap I wish I was in that room with you to rub your pussy till you came. I want all of you!

ANALPRINCESS - you turn me on you motherfucker. you must have a big dick to talk all that shit. I'll give you my private email so you could send me that dick pick

CUMJEANSXXX - please do! you'll be dreaming of my cock for the rest of your life. I want to cum all over your ass. give me your ass!!!!!

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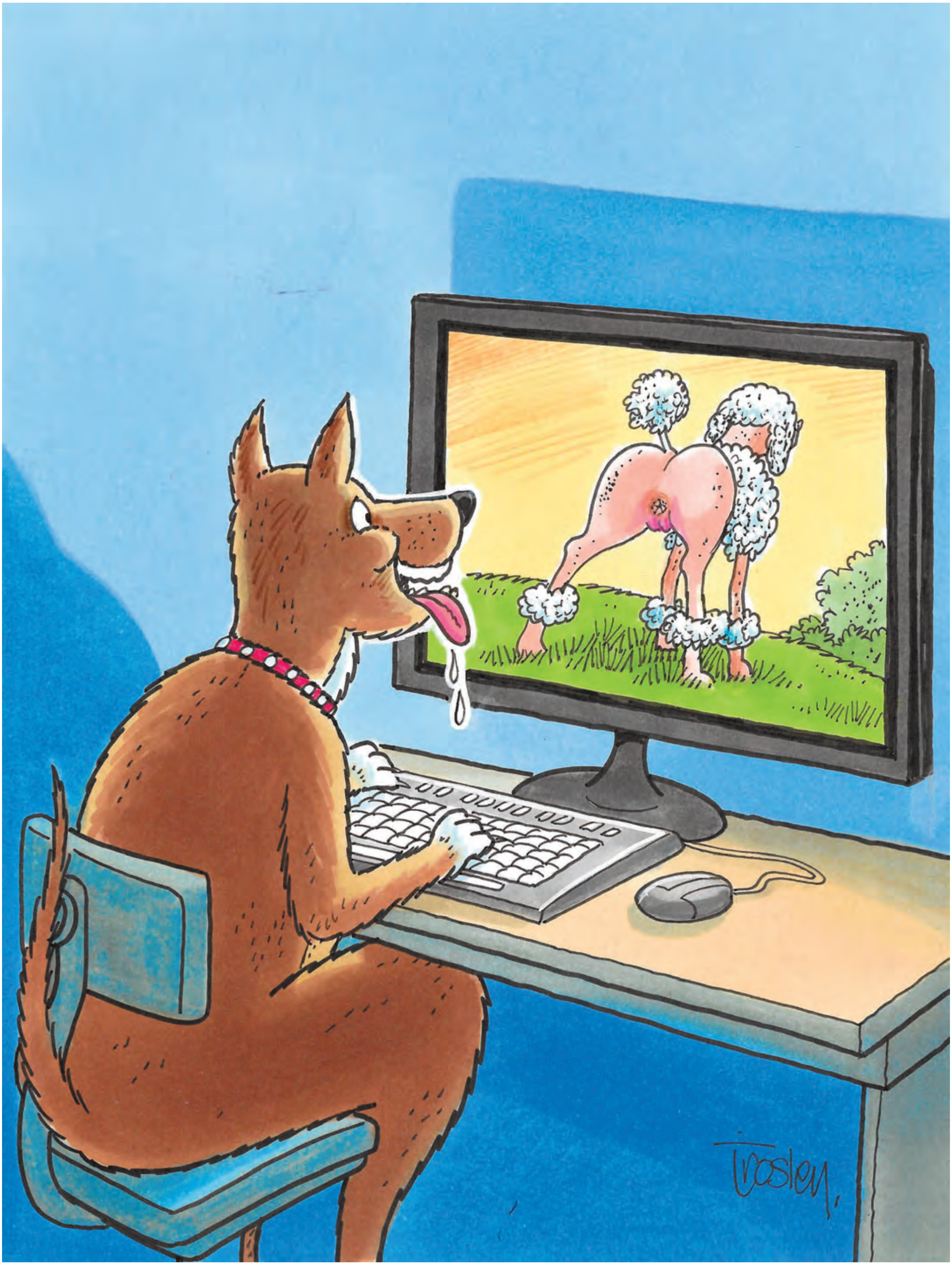

“Wow…I love her Facebook cover photo!”

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BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

OLIVIA NICE

Eighteen-year-old Olivia Nice hails from Szolnok, Hungary, a tiny city tucked in one of Europe's sunniest regions. The 5-foot-4 housekeeper makes it even sunnier, especially when she takes off her clothes. Posing nude in HUSTLER is an opportunity the skin-mag rookie couldn't pass up: "I want American men and women to lust for me," Olivia tells us via Google Translate. "My nice hobbies," she adds, "are traveling, bicycling and playing the violin. My naughty hobby is meeting and seducing interesting girls and guys at clubs—and having hot sex when we click. I like the penis, but girls know how to make my *hüvely* tingle. You now know the Hungarian word for vagina." Olivia has experienced the whole gamut of sex, including anal, so her fantasy is simply to flash: "One afternoon I'd like to ride my bicycle naked back and forth across Tiszavirág hid [Mayfly Bridge]." *—Photos by Omnia Productions*

“I want American men and women to lust for me.”

“I’ve fulfilled my fantasy to be naked in HUSTLER. My sexual fantasy is to be in a high-class adult movie with me and my man fucking the hell out of each other anywhere but a bedroom.”

DANIELLE JORDAN

“I’m an elegant, energetic free spirit who dances to the beat of her own drum,” professes Danielle Jordan from Portland, Oregon. As you can see, the 5-foot-10 newbie is also an unabashed exhibitionist. “I have always been intrigued by the classy, sexy women of HUSTLER Magazine,” Danielle continues. “I love the idea of total strangers getting aroused beyond control because I’m completely comfortable and naked. I love showing off my bare body, and I really wanted to do it on larger stage, worldwide. Thank you, HUSTLER!” Let’s get to know the limber lady, a marketing director by trade, a little better. Danielle’s hobbies are yoga, skiing, motocross and cooking. Her musical tastes range from hard-rock bands Aerosmith and Velvet Revolver to solo vocalists Bruno Mars and Fergie. When watching TV, it’s all about *Breaking Bad*, *Queen of the South* and *True Blood*, while *Transformers* is her favorite flick. Danielle’s sex life is anything but humdrum: “I’m highly experimental and always pushing boundaries. I really enjoy giving a good deep-throat, and I like all positions and creating new ones. I like fucking everywhere but the bedroom. My guy and I recently had wild, passionate sex in a condominium sauna. We heard voices nearby, making things even more exciting.” —*Photos by Friend*

JEMMA

"I'll try anything once—or twice," claims Jemma, 19, a sports-bar hostess from Charlotte, North Carolina. Admittedly "adventurous and outgoing," she decided to live up to that mind-set by modeling nude for the first time. "I think I'll make nice eye candy for all your readers," the 5-foot-5 Tar Heel Stater avows. "I have big, all-natural boobies, a great smile and a personality to match." Although her hometown has NFL and NBA teams, Jemma's favorite sports are volleyball and surfing. "I love riding a wave train at Cape Hatteras," she enthuses. But Jemma, a fan of *The Big Bang Theory* and songbird Rihanna, has another adrenaline booster. "I love riding a big, hard dick," the "still straight" chick explains. "When I was in high school, I liked it when the boy cheerleaders were just holding my ass. Now guys can fuck my ass, and I get twice the orgasm!" —*Photos by Kickback Productions*

“My fantasy is a threesome with two guys—one in front, stuffing my mouth, and one in back, fucking my ass!”

CINI ROSE

"I want to be the girl that every reader comes home to," says Cini Rose, an aspiring actress from Tampa, Florida. "I'll be sitting on the couch butt naked. I'm usually laid-back, introspective and soft-spoken, but no matter where I may be, I get wild and crazy without any fear of the consequences when I'm in my birthday suit." It just so happens that Cini will be turning 21 in August, and she's hoping to make her b-day memorable by hosting "an all-girls party with body paint and Twister." The 5-foot-2 cutie has another agility-testing pastime, skateboarding, and she digs shopping, going to the beach and watching crime dramas on the boob tube. Her fave rock groups are System of a Down, Nirvana and Red Hot Chili Peppers, and she's always down for sex. "I love giving head to guys and girls," Cini fesses up. "I like watching them squirm like jellyfish. I'm very passive and kinda jaded for a barely legal girl. I love a big cum-shot squirting into my mouth, and watching men jerk off turns me on too." *—Photos by Friend*

"One of my fantasies is to be tied up, blindfolded and tongued till I squirm like crazy. I also want to have sex on a balcony. That would be so hot."

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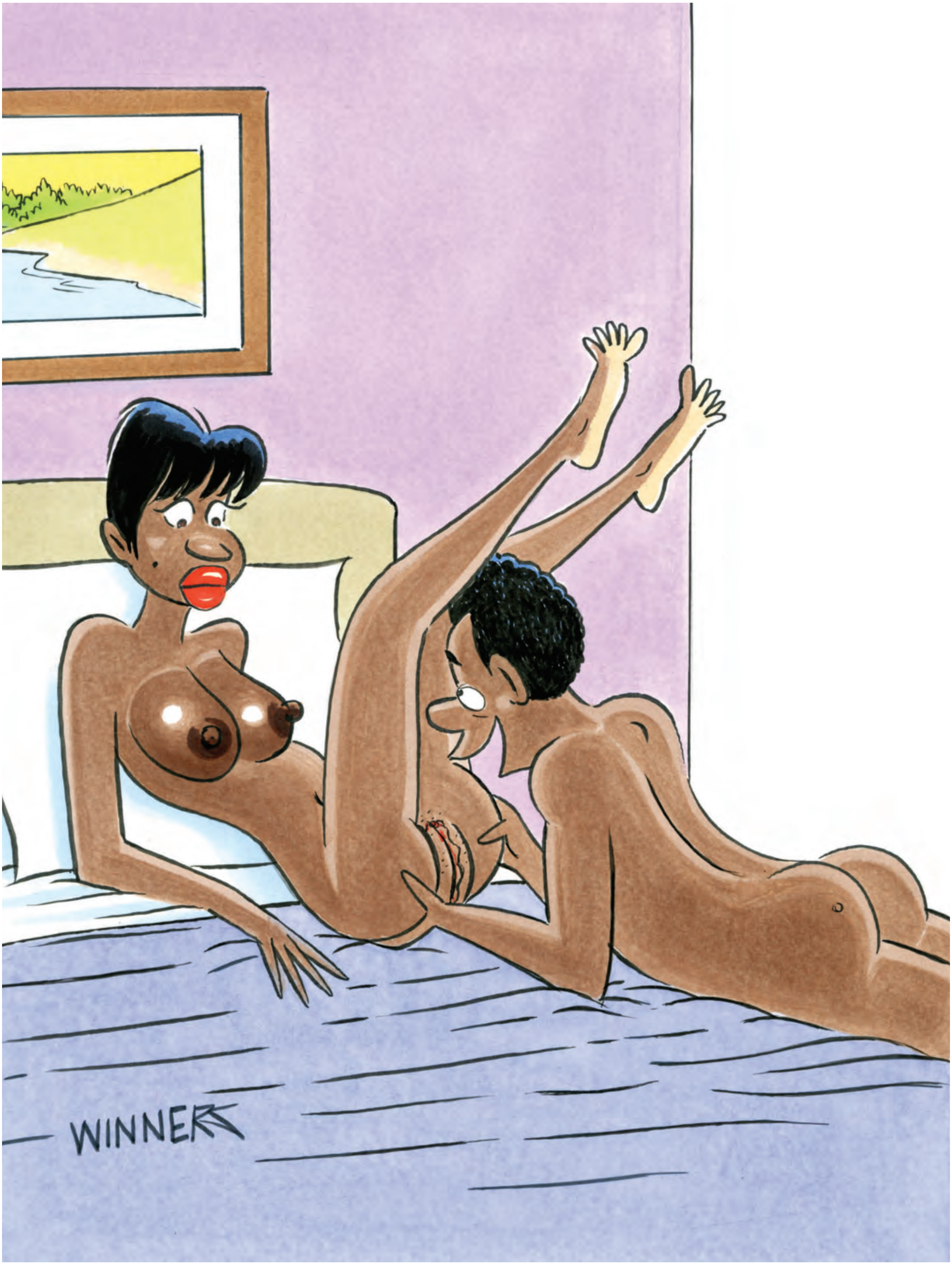

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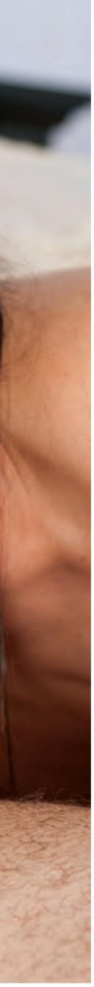

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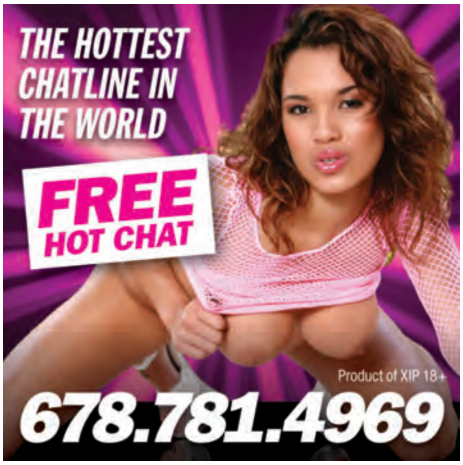

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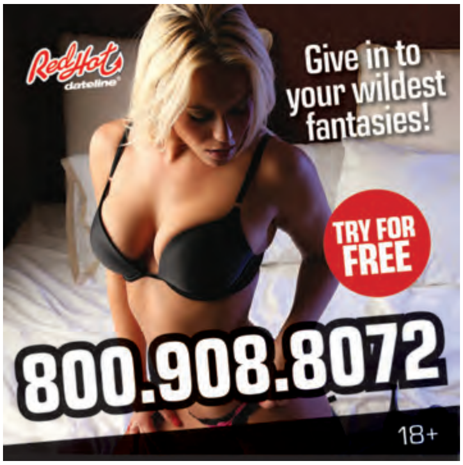

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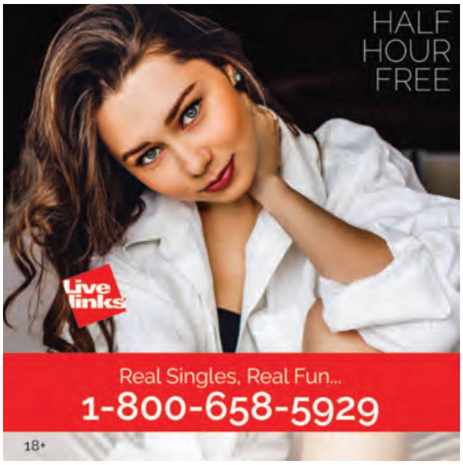

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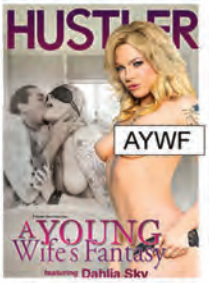
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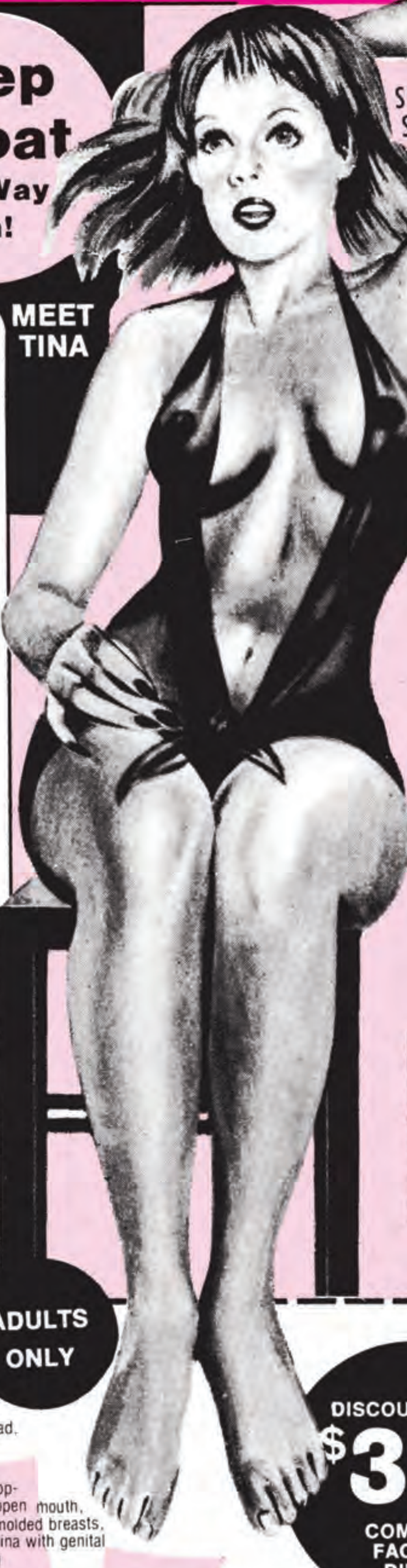

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FOLIES-B

Charmane and **Jenaveve** love to share lovers. Weeknights they're usually content to cuddle and lap at the other's snatch. But come Saturday night they go clubbing. And when **Charmane** ground against Mick on the dance floor, she knew they had found their weekend pickup. Sure, the man was loaded—he liked to buy top-shelf shots and throw his money around—but what really counted was that he was *loaded*. His dick lasted all night long, and come morning, he didn't bitch when they threw him to the curb. The girls don't often do repeats, but Mick might very well prove the exception.

SOON

THE ANNIVERSARY ISSUE GOES ON SALE JULY 3, 2018 | VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

44TH ANNIVERSARY SPECTACULAR

It's our party, and we are celebrating with porn's most popular models. Presenting a Day in the Life with 2018 XBIZ Performer of the Year Romi Rain, along with stunning layouts of 2016 AVN Best New Starlet Abella Danger and new sensation Gia Paige. Plus Stormy Daniels strips out of latex!

RED ALERT!

In January Hawaiians were panicked by a ballistic missile doomsday alert. The button had been pushed by a technician who believed an attack was imminent. Learn just how close we are to stumbling into WWIII by mistake and what we can do to fix the situation before it's too late.

ROE V. WADE TODAY

Forty-five years after the landmark Supreme Court decision that legalized abortion, women are struggling to hold on to their reproductive rights. Activist Jessa Jordan details her own experience with abortion and explains how to best advocate in this age of Donald Trump and Mike Pence.

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